JUL 26 1934

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1934 — NUMBER 47

The Search for a Philosopher-King

THE METHOD OF FREEDOM. By Walter Lippmann. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

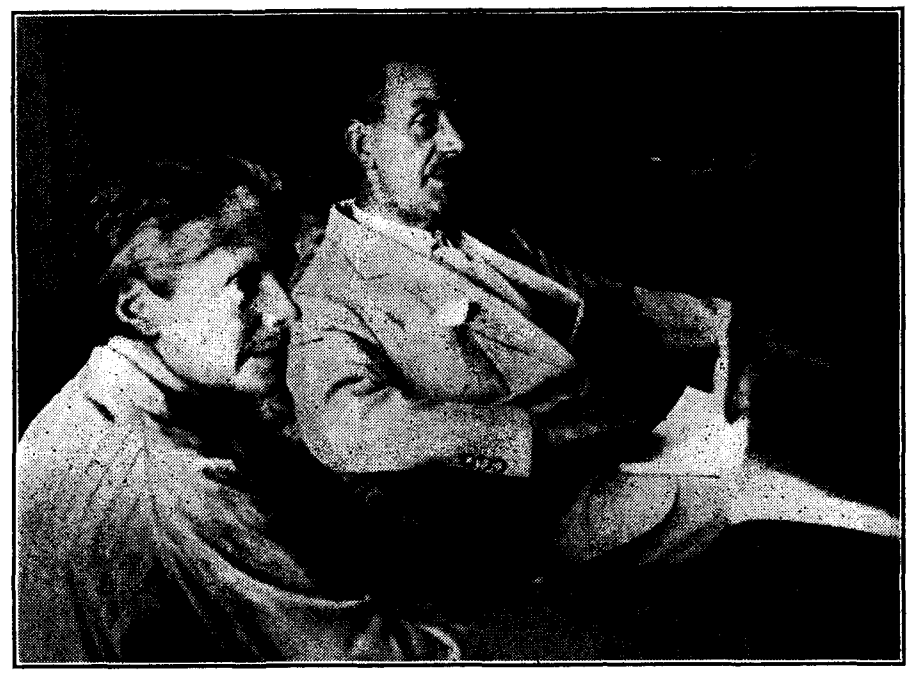
WALTER LIPPMANN'S book, which is made up of lectures delivered at Harvard on the foundation established in memory of Edwin Lawrence Godkin, leads one to believe that the author has been limiting his reading to the newspapers on the one hand, and to Plato's "Republic" on the other. He has written, in his usual gracious and luminous style, a plausible essay which attempts to outline the basic principles underlying a "compensated economy," or a "free collectivism"—something that is neither the pre-war approximation of laissez-faire capitalism nor post-war fascism or communism. And in writing this essay, he has succeeded in describing the efforts made by England, the United States, Sweden, and Australia to combat the depression. Whether this description will stand up as an outline of the future for the western countries I presume to doubt. The questions raised by John Strachey in "Recent American Events," a new chapter for the eighth edition of his "The Coming Struggle for Power," cannot be answered in Mr. Lippmann's terms. The business cycle will, on the basis of Mr. Strachey's analysis, survive Mr. Lippmann's "method."

Mr. Lippmann's eloquence is deceptive. He hopes, so he says in a foreword, that he has not drawn his principles from his own prejudices, but "from the nature of things." Yet it is Walter Lippmann, the eternal Platonist, talking; his whole "method of freedom" depends, for its successful functioning, upon a group of disinterested governors in high places. Mr. Lippmann is still hunting for the philosopher-king, the samurai, the uniquely-qualified governing class. Once he thought he had found them in the ranks of the socialists; later he discerned them among the executives of the big corporations. Today he is looking for them among the central bankers. Believing as I do that "disinterestedness" in places of power is an unbiological quality, I think he will be fooled again. To be workable, a system must be able to stand up *in spite* of human frailties. Mr. Lippmann's "free collectivism" presupposes a continual run of intelligent decisions. But tomorrow the philosopher-king will be somewhere else.

Mr. Lippmann thinks collectivism is here to stay. The question is, What sort of collectivism? In the western countries, where capitalism is developed, this collectivism, Mr. Lippmann says, will not attempt to plan production and consumption by dictatorial methods. The State, he thinks, will become a sort of "compensatory mechanism" to "balance, equalize, neutralize, offset, and correct the private judgments of masses of individuals." In other words, if too many people are speculating, it will be the duty of the State's central bankers to cut off the boom in shares by making money difficult to obtain. The State will go consciously against the crowd. It will save when the crowd is spending too much, borrow when the crowd is saving too much, employ men when there is private unemployment, and shut down when there is work for all.

Thus Mr. Lippmann on the "compensatory" function. But all this is a biological

(*Continued on page* 742)



THOMAS MANN AND FRAU MANN IN NEW YORK

The novelist at his hotel, discussing with a representative of his publisher the address to be made at the testimonial dinner given in his honor on June 6. Photographed for The Saturday Review *by Robert Disraeli.*

Radicals in Strait-Jackets

BY WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

THE most notable thing about major art battles seems to be the speed with which, after having reached their crisis, they blow over. Looking back over the quick exhaustion of the humanist and surrealist and *transition* attacks, one is impressed by the singular tenacity of the present one, the campaign of the communists. Five years' age has not withered nor Union Square custom staled the infinite variety of assaults being made on "petty-bourgeois ideology" and its defenders, the liberal and democratic-minded artists. The contest begins a second great period of American critical revolt, aimed at the social order in general, where the first great period was aimed only at specific standards, moral and artistic, of that order.

And with that change the far-famed and long-standing "isolation" of the intellectual comes to an end. With one bound he has jumped back in wide company from his esthetic eddies right into the main stream of daily life.

The painters, poets, novelists, critics, and layman observers of newly radical conviction have not only jumped back into the main stream of daily life, they have also jumped into political groups, involved themselves with programs of direct action, and subscribed — almost overnight — to highly complex theories in that mysterious science of economics with which they never before had the remotest concern. They have joined the ranks of armies which champion particular economic and political beliefs. To use the phrase which Max Eastman employs as the title of his new book on the state of intellectuals in present-day Russia, they have become "artists in uniform."* Weary of their overlong devotion to specific and separate cultural work, these men now declare themselves eager to subordinate that work to social good, as defined by the Marxian program. They will give to their art and their thinking a function purely ancillary to the attainment of an economic system—in the same sense that the function of medieval philosophy was to be purely ancillary to the maintenance of a religious system.

The revolt is one against "art for art's sake," against pure "neutral" intellectualism. But it is more than that, it is an attempt to deny intellect and art their independent existence. In tracing the history of communist literature in Russia, Max Eastman analyzes the slogans officially promulgated by the RAPP, the bureau which until its abolishment in 1932 exerted control over communist writers the world over. The chief of these slogans is, "The method of creative art is the method of dialectical materialism." Any work of art, then, that deviates ever so slightly from Scripture, or which shows even a passing theological uncertainty, is not acceptable: it is "traitorous," and it is bad.

All American writers who look for the stamp of Moscow approval—and the number seems to be still growing—have had to accept this code. The John Reed Clubs proclaim obediently, "Art is a social weapon." Any literary criticism practised in these groups, then, can be only social criticism. For there are no literary questions any more. There are only "poetic shock troops"—these slogans are given by Mr. Eastman—to carry out "the seizure of power in literature."

In other words: the creative mind is to be coördinated with a practical economic belief. The "valid" American intellectual is to be *gleichgeschaltet.* The revolt, it now begins to appear, is one against intellect and against art.

What are the motives that underlie the massed rush of American intellectuals to a position which seems, on first examination, to deprive them of so much of their freedom? It is a revolt against their former "escape," and a realization of the disorder and injustice of the capitalist system, and of the apparent bankruptcy of its spiritual values. But somehow this explanation, although reasonable, does not seem quite adequate. Old hands at the radical movement, such as Max Eastman or Lin-

(*Continued on next page*)

**ARTISTS IN UNIFORM: A Study of Literature and Bureaucratism. By Max Eastman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1934. $2.50.

Thomas Mann's Story of Joseph

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS. Vol. I. By Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

FOR eight or nine years Thomas Mann has been meditating on the wonderful Old Testament story of Joseph and his brethren, ever since—as he himself has told us in his autobiography—a Munich artist took him a portfolio of drawings on the subject, and asked him to write an introduction to them. The request sent him to the Old Testament, and he discovered, like Goethe, the remarkable charm of the narrative, and felt, also like Goethe, that it ought to be possible to fill in the details. For some time he hovered round the subject; he began to realize some of the difficulties, but at length the decision was taken and Mann betook himself to Palestine and Egypt, in order to get material and local color. He also, quite clearly, embarked on a vast deal of reading, higher Biblical criticism, anthropology, ethnology, folk-lore, Talmudic history, and the like. It needs no emphasis from Mann to show that his type of mind, when it undertakes a subject, cannot rest without doing it thoroughly. It was accordingly impossible for Mann merely to retell the simple story of Joseph and his brethren; nor could he, like the contemporary of Keats who lived on to have his work admired by Rossetti and Swinburne, Charles Joseph Wells, writer of the poetical drama of "Joseph and his Brethren," make a romantic epic of the material. He had to bring in psychology; it was inevitable, if he was to make a link between Joseph and ourselves.

Yet at first this is not over-emphasized. Mann is driven back to the beginning of things: he holds that a lesser mental gap separated Joseph from his most primitive forbears than that which separates us from the Crusaders, and the first sixty pages or so are a wonderfully successful attempt to recreate something of the mystery with which the origin of man is surrounded. Here Mann's studies, although not concealed, have been transfused by sympathy and imagination into something like

(*Continued on page* 741)

This Week

GOLDSWORTHY LOWES DICKINSON
By E. M. FORSTER
Reviewed by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS
By JAMES HILTON
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

I, CLAUDIUS
By ROBERT GRAVES
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

BACHELOR—OF ARTS
By JOHN ERSKINE
Reviewed by Tess Slesinger

MARIA PALUNA
By BLAIR NILES
Reviewed by Frans Blom

I WAS A PAGAN
By V. C. KITCHEN
Reviewed by Albert Clarke Wyckoff

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

ALTERNATIVES TO LIBERALISM
By GEORGE SANTAYANA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Radicals in Strait-Jackets

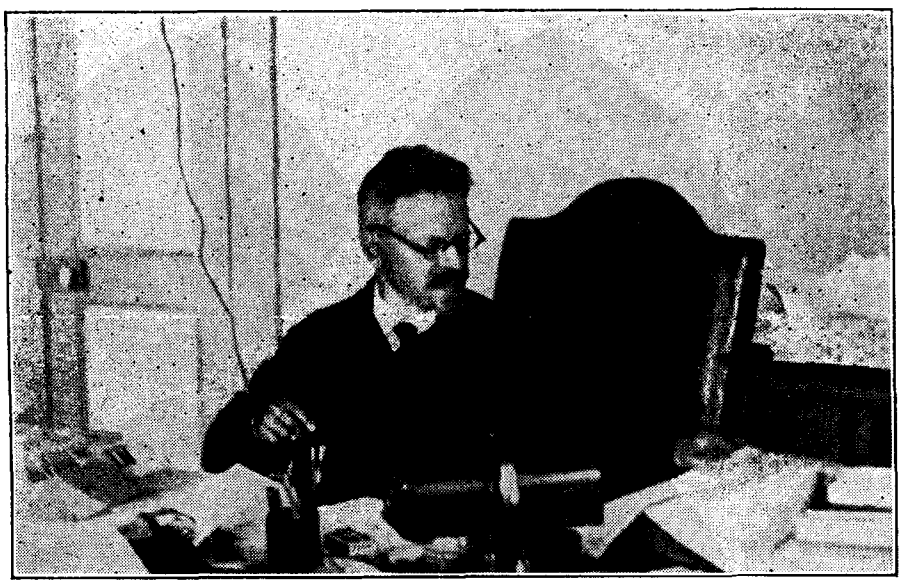
(*Continued from first page*)

coln Steffens, or theorists who had been moving consistently left, such as Harold Laski, were not nearly as convinced of the letter of radical gospel as the literary exiles who had just flocked back home from Paris. One would not have been surprised to see a pupil of Felix Frankfurter take up the cudgels for the left; sometimes it was very surprising to see young poets, whose last year's prophet had been Verlaine, suddenly expound from on high the revelations of Marx. The suddenness of the conversion, that is, was often singular; sometimes it seemed suspicious.

One recognized in many individual cases a long progress of intellectual bewilderment which had reached its crisis toward the end of the prosperity era. The basis of this bewilderment was not economic; it was the growing loss of standards—which is to say, the loss of loyalties. Clear principles and standards of art had broken down until they reached the unparalleled chaos of cubism, surrealism, and *transition;* ethical and spiritual values had been dissolved in the bitter solution of the new materialism and psychoanalysis—see Krutch's "The Modern Temper"; romanticism had declined into nostalgia, religious belief into affectations such as Anglo-Catholicism; and even ordinary reality—what was left of it—was fast breaking asunder in the all-denying investigations of physical science. The tragic mood grew with the years, and toward the end of the twenties one had the distinct sensation that sensitive minds could not much longer endure this tension. One felt that the only thing which could relieve these minds was an escape from the discape? There is a paradox here: it is true that what they were escaping from was often the escape-mentality of the post-war era. But in a larger sense it was an escape from doubts, artistic skepticisms, personal difficulties, and from an isolation which had begun to be fearful. And thus there becomes apparent that non-realistic, that ominously negative trend which is already helping the formal movement on the way to its bankruptcy.

No organized movement can yet be detected of American intellectuals toward the other escape, toward fascism. That fact, however, need be of no especial comfort to the opponents of fascism. For the groundwork of such a movement is fully laid. Indeed, we had a pretty clear idea of what it would be like a few years ago, when humanism hit the front pages. No one then thought of calling it "fascist"; but what was its attack on democracy and social realism, its call for discipline, restraint, a moral order for upper middle-class gentility, and its continual appeal to higher authority, but a very prophetic form of literary *Gleichschaltung* or co-ordination? Under Professor Babbitt it took on a puritan color; under Professor More it took on a High-Church one; and this moral and religious authoritarianism is an element that one would fully expect to find in an American adaptation of fascism.

What the humanists of a few years ago did, the embryo fascists of today are doing: they have lost faith in their own individual ability to choose and act, and they require a new faith in the ability of some great leader to choose and act for them. They prefer, that is, to surrender to a superman, and trust in magic.



TROTSKY AT PRINCIPO ISLAND

ordered and apparently meaningless manifestations of the day—a rush into a new faith, a discovery of a new loyalty, of a sudden haven where all these problems could be solved by complete submission to an all-embracing religion.

For a moment it seemed as if the religion that could harbor these drifting spirits from the tormented tides might be the new humanism. But that creed was too academic and too puritan; it was so definite a reversion to the remote past that a few critical attacks halted the growth of its influence.

But at the same time communism in America, under the rapidly spreading capitalist crisis, was emerging from its status as a bogy of Hamilton Fish and becoming a matter of daily consideration; and here was a faith that was broad and deep and modern. Far from being a mere panel of spiritual or esthetic standards, it was a social vision that could release all the pent-up impulses for action. It could lift the intellectual minds out of their separate professions, their lonely endeavors, and their general sense of frustration, and give them the feeling that they were working shoulder to shoulder with many others in a common cause. That this cause was not primarily an intellectual or an artistic one, these minds readily overlooked—so joyful were they in the discovery of a new and potent group loyalty.

Inspired as we may be by the spectacle of intellectuals working for the good of the laboring classes, must we not realize that in very many cases indeed their sudden conversion had the nature of an es-

Magic among the fascists, and dogma among the communists: where is the essential difference? The men of the left of course say there is all the difference in the world: fascism kills the intellectual, communism gives him a new birth. But when these gentlemen look honestly upon their own estate, must they not recognize certain deep similarities with the creed of their opponents? For they—even as the fascists—have placed themselves in blind obedience to a system of thought and politics that is a complete *Weltanschauung.* Their state is also a totalitarian and authoritarian one, brooking only the slightest range of dissent. In both cases the doctrines have been handed down by a general staff to the intellectuals and artists, who must blindly support them.

For the American communist who insists that in Russia the priesthood is very lenient with its intellectual acolytes, there is now Mr. Eastman's polemic volume to answer. This author writes ardently from the point of view of the Trotsky opposition; but despite the number of times he has been branded as "counter-revolutionary," one can certainly not question his devotion to the communist cause. His long record of political radicalism in this country is a courageous and a pioneering one; but he is devoted with equal ardency to the cause of art and creative integrity, and thus he was bitterly led to write this case-book on the artist in the uniform of Stalin's spiritual *gardes-du-corps.*

The indictment is a damning one. With considerable dramatic flair Mr. Eastman tells the life stories of some of Russia's best-loved creative spirits. He tells how revolutionary poets like Kuznetsov and Maiakovsky ended in suicide—driven to the noose because, however deep their sympathies, they could not fall into the party goose-step. He gives the life of that strange lyric voice, Yessenin, who had said, "I give my soul to the revolution," but added that "only my loved lyre I will not give," and ended also in suicide. He reveals the complicated literary frame-up practised on the novelist Eugene Zamyatin by party politicians and envious young bureaucrats who ran the RAPP under orders from Stalin. He tells how the Communist novelist P. Romanov was forced, two years after the publication of his "Three Pairs of Silk Stockings," to recant and declare that the novel was "politically mistaken." He mentions the important and loyal Bolshevik artist Isaac Babyel, who, after having reached international fame, found his stories so bitterly denounced in the political journals of the RAPP and in the formal "Literary Encyclopedia," that he went into a silence from which he has not emerged. While these and other men whom Mr. Eastman discusses are probably unfamiliar to American readers, he devotes especial space to the case of Boris Pilnyak, author of "The Volga Flows to the Caspian Sea," whose following here is considerable. Pilnyak began as a communist "fellow-traveller" who still insisted on the independence and the individuality of creative art; he has ended as a beaten man, having been so consistently persecuted by the official *Literary Gazette* for an alleged but unproved publishing relation with White Russians that he publicly humiliated himself and withdrew his latest novel in order to rewrite it.

The recital of cases continues for several chapters, but ends abruptly with the year 1932, when Stalin suddenly disorganized the RAPP. Mr. Eastman, ungenerously ignoring the undeniable increase of artistic freedom since that change, then turns off from the subject and goes into a long critique of official Marxism—*i. e.,* of the method of dialectical materialism. These last chapters, while highly forceful in their attack on the dogma of party thinking, are not fully germane to the issue of the position of the intellectuals. Mr. Eastman's bitterness toward Stalin is so great that he will grant him not one mitigating word.

Since 1932, the intellectual gates in Russia have been open. But the point is—and this is what Mr. Eastman did not bring out—that there is no way of telling how long they will remain open. Even in throwing the RAPP overboard, Stalin committed an act of supreme artistic tyranny: he discarded an entire school of orthodox communist writing and criticism whose development he himself had fostered, and thus consigned hundreds of books to oblivion. At present there is no RAPP, but any excuse would serve to revive it next year. The important fact to remember is that, given the dictatorial communist gospel, all intellectual freedom depends purely on the whim and fancy of the temporal power; no human right is abridged if that power decides tomorrow to set up a second literary Inquisition.

Between Leopold Auerbach, dictator of the RAPP, and Paul Joseph Goebbels, dictator of the Ministry for Propaganda and

MAX EASTMAN

Popular Enlightenment—just where is the difference? Is there any difference between bureaucratic bodies designed to stamp out creative freedom and integrity, even if one body be communist and the other fascist? And are not the kind of artists who eagerly submit to such bodies and their barrack-yard commands pretty much alike? Fine champions of the spirit, these artists must be! "Good" artists indeed!

What is the duty of the intellectuals? To start by making propaganda for the workers, or the middle class, or for anyone else? Is it not rather, in a time when all sides are attacking the bitterly won rights of the spirit, to rise up and make propaganda for the spirit? Men of radical conviction are now eloquently championing the dignity of labor, which is suppressed and exploited. Is there not an equal need that men of intellectual conviction now uphold the dignity of intellect which, after having been exploited on one hand, is now threatened with enslavement on the other?

The converts to communism and fascism will regard this theory as the very essence of moribund liberalism; the currently fashionable *so-oder-so* theory, the belief that either one or the other of these two political alternatives must inevitably come, will see in it a futile attempt to forestall destiny. But what is stated here is not a political conviction; it is not a defense of democracy as a political institution. It endeavors to be non-political, just as the intellectual, in making up his mind about the fundamentals of his own living and being, must endeavor to be non-political. It rests on the belief that—Marx to the contrary notwithstanding—art and intellectual judgment are not conditioned purely by economic relations, and are therefore not to be controlled by systems and governments; that there is something basically imponderable, inscrutable, incommensurable, and illogical about the life of the spirit, which cannot be reduced to the denominators of economics and politics. The only democracy, then, which this view espouses might be said to be a spir-

With Possessions Loaded Down

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

LOADED down, with possessions loaded down,
over what mileage of your brain you drag
taut motor cars; over what space you blow
your dawdling yachts; with what stiff steps
you serve your servants; and stand, how wearily
a furniture in your house.

Loads on your senses are your desires
fattened by surfeit; heavy and inert;
your nerves are numb with the press of your desires,
and still solicited, do give you pain for pleasure.

Loaded down, with possessions loaded down,
soon, soon, the shaking earth will spill your feet.
The earth so smoothed for you, flexed with rebellion,
huge like a worker's biceps, will heave up,
your spine will angle and from out your hold
possessions will pitch out and strike you down.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itual democracy; under what form of temporal rule that democracy can find its fullest realization is for each intellectual to think out for himself. But the point is that once he surrenders this ideal in the face of some political enthusiasm, his very existence is threatened.

Opposed to such pathetic gibberish as "the method of creative art is the method of dialectic materialism" there stands the quiet sentence of Lenin: "Every artist can claim the right to create freely according to his ideal, whether it turn out good or not." But such words are forgotten in Soviet Russia, and they seem never to have echoed in the minds of our high-class American proletarians, our Yale and Harvard graduates with bad consciences. The difference is that Lenin was a man of intellectual balance and human insight, who recognized that nothing other than debasement could result if the spiritual world were used as the housemaid of the national economy. Dictator though he was, he looked at art with the same breadth and humility as another great Russian did, the dramatist Chekhov, who let one of his characters say, "Everyone writes as he likes and as he can."

It is the duty of the intellectuals to realize these, the fundamental differences of the spiritual life from the aims of the state, and to preserve them. It is their duty to move against the "artist" whose ideal is to punch a time-clock in a literary mass-factory. That is the final idea one gets from Max Eastman's sad case-book—the book of a man who insists on preserving the right of private intellectual judgment no matter how impassioned his espousal of political communism may be. If a creator or a thinker is profoundly eager for the arrival of a new order, he must try to keep these aspirations within the political and economic field, and not let them consume the entire fibre of his intellectual being. For at bottom the artist's view of man and the world must be intuitive, imaginative, encompassing; if it is made the conscious servant of any one doctrine—whether capitalist or communist, middle-class or proletarian—it will attain this conspicuous sharpness only at the expense of a deeper perception. And as for the intellectual in general, if he wants to have any view of man and the world at all, he has got to be free to get his facts and come to his conclusions. Otherwise he will merely be a helpless rubber-stamp giving high-brow endorsement to the activities of men more realistic than he.

Let us say, finally, that it is the duty of those of us who want to have active part

BORIS PILNYAK

in radical movements to demand of the leaders that in a new society in our western world, no matter how complete the social regimentation and discipline may be, the intellectual realm must retain a freedom to move beyond those ties. When order is imposed on our lawless economic system, the greatest benefits which that would entail would be lost if the spiritual life were at the same time put in chains, and the artists into uniform. If the intellectuals themselves do not fight for their independence and integrity, no one will.

❧ ❧

William Harlan Hale is the author of "Challenge to Defeat," a study of "modern man in Goethe's world and Spengler's century."

The Last Victorian

GOLDSWORTHY LOWES DICKINSON. By E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

THE most difficult, and seldom achieved, triumph of biographic art is to rescue its subject from an oblivion that would otherwise have engulfed it. Johnson did this in his life of Savage, and Carlyle in that of Sterling; Lucy Hutchinson did it for her husband, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury for himself. And the question I could not help asking, when I first heard of Mr. Forster's book, was whether so distinguished a creator of imaginary characters would succeed in thus embalming the memory of his friend, and my old tutor, Lowes Dickinson.

For, to be quite frank, it is hard to conceive of Dickinson's writings being known, in future ages, to more than a very few antiquarians and cognoscenti. To the post-war generation he is already hardly a name, and this is a little distressing when one considers how exquisite was his prose. Exquisite is the exact word—there is something of a porcelain quality about it, a flawless perfection of finish. But there is, too, a certain lack of grip about Dickinson's writings that reminds one a little of the schoolboy's definition of salt: "what makes eggs taste wrong when you haven't got it." Mr. Forster is quite aware of this. "It seems to me," he says, "that the words 'great writer' won't do for Lowes Dickinson except in the low laudatory sense that all writers of distinction and integrity get called great."

G. LOWES DICKINSON
From the portrait by Roger Fry

This leaves Mr. Forster the task of immortalizing his subject's personality or nothing at all. He is clearly aware of this:

"The truest words about him," he writes, "were said by his former bedmaker at Cambridge . . . 'He was the best man who ever lived.' That is what I feel about him myself, and it is what those who knew Socrates say of Socrates, at the close of the 'Phaedo.'"

Yes, but if you feel like this about anyone, it is perfectly hopeless to attempt his biography. And Mr. Forster does not stop short at Socrates. Nothing will content him but to compare Dickinson, in his cosy rooms at King's, lamenting the outbreak of war, to Christ weeping over the sorrows of humanity. I can dimly imagine what Dickinson's own reaction would have been to the discovery of himself in such exalted company. His lip would have curled in a rather wry smile, and after a quite appreciable incubatory silence, he would have come out with some primly blasphemous sarcasm.

I myself, who was also fond of Dickinson, and, as I trust, benefited by contact with his personality, take exception to this Christlike, Socratic image of the best man who ever lived, because I feel that it does him a grave injustice. The image itself has not the remotest resemblance to anything that has, or could have, existed, and least of all to the very human individual whom we undergraduates used to speak of affectionately, and with no literal implication, as "Dirty Dick," and whose donnish foibles were no small part of his lovability.

For we have first to realize that there was something more than the impeccable scholar-esthete who emerges from Mr. Forster's pages, something that Mr. Forster, in his loyalty, is unwilling to admit, and which is just what lends his character its spice of distinctive individuality. There was a fastidiousness about him, a nervous primness, an occasional gentle malice, that are essentially feminine qualities. One could not help being reminded of some charming and cultured old maid. It is a quality that emerges unmistakably from his letters:

> I wonder, Dennis dear, how you got on with the choral symphony. I listened to it on the wireless at Miss Stawell's [and then follows a charming description of the beauty of the music and the defects of the wireless]. I wonder what you did make of it, my dear. I lay awake a long time thinking about you and I am starting the day telling you what I am thinking, merely to help me to endure the spectacle of the world with which one has to occupy most of one's time.

We are a long way off, here, from Christ and Socrates, but not so far from Cowper, and very close indeed to another Cambridge man, Gray, of the "Elegy," that fastidous hypersensitive scholar who shrank from contact with anything rough or ugly or too obtrusively masculine.

It is, one cannot help feeling, no small part of Dickinson's horror of war that it was so violently virile. I remember hearing him read a paper on the subject, in the pre-war days, and how one of the younger dons remarked to me afterward, "Of course everyone knows that soldiers come back from wars with their lips black with oaths, but who wants to hear it?" And yet Dickinson was one of the very few who kept sane and impartial when everybody else was raving in the delirium of war-fever. So right he was, and so tragically ineffective!

It is as a character and an influence that he is most worthy of being remembered. I should say that he was at his zenith in the latter half of King Edward's reign, the time at King's of the Carbonari Society and Rupert Brooke. His rooms, and the Dickinson society over which he presided, were frequented by all the most advanced undergraduate spirits of that time of intellectual fermentation. To be advanced in those days comprised a cultivated and delicious irreverence, a habit of cocking intellectual snooks at the Persons of the Trinity. There was something piquant in the idea of a don who would take a hand in a game of capping blasphemies that might last for hours on end. Dickinson's set would neither believe in God nor let Him alone—and what an old world fragrance invests, nowadays, the memory of that inverted faith! The modern young man would never understand why anybody wanted to get so excited about a mere Deity!

There was an atmosphere of platonic naughtiness about these gatherings. Not that Dickinson would ever have tolerated the rankness of common bawdry. You were expected to cultivate an almost feminine allusiveness, coupled with a decent reticence about plebeian hetero-sexuality. A typical Dickinsonian joke is one quoted by Mr. Forster, "The Naturalistic Fallacy, a phrase that always amuses me, for it suggests some kind of unnatural vice."

It is in such surroundings that you ought to visualize the little, dapper, sensitive, slightly absurd, and very lovable being who is the subject of this biography. It is only thus that you will be able to savor the delicate and distinctive charm of his personality. For behind the old-maidish fastidiousness you could discover a rare intellectual honesty, and a shy wisdom rising to the surface in sudden detached sentences that were hardly so much conversation as thoughts, clothing themselves spontaneously in language and intended for no particular audience except, perhaps, that of the long-suffering Deity.

May I give one specimen, as nearly as I can remember it, from a letter of his. I had written to him something about preserving a faith in God, free-will, and immortality, and he replied to the effect,

> I want you to face the possibility that there may be no God, no free will, no immortality—and to face it with courage. That is the real test of character.

That brings out a final aspect of his personality. With all his delight in the things he thought worth living for, he was, at bottom, one of the saddest of mortals. He was perpetually seeking for a light that always eluded him. He was the last representative of that Victorian culture cult of which Matthew Arnold and Pater were the high priests, and which sought to fill the void of faith by an exquisite sensibility. I fancy he could never quite forgive God for refusing to exist intelligibly.

I wish I could have found this Dickinson in Mr. Forster's discreetly Bowdlerized pages. But I can only find the best man that ever lived. And I prefer the one I remember. My choice, I feel sure, would have been endorsed by Dickinson himself.

A Quaint Character

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS. By James Hilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $1.25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TO judge by the jacket of this little book, its principal sponsor is Alexander Woollcott, though the story caused widespread comment when it originally appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*. It proved precisely the sort of story that those rheumy old eyes of Mr. Woollcott's delighted to see in print. And it *is* a graceful character study. It is sentimental in a most pleasant fashion. But several hours after one has closed the book, the little doubts begin their creaking in the mind. Was the dear old fellow, after all, so wholly admirable? Isn't the charming tale a celebration of a mere muddler-through?

Not that "Chips" did not have admirable qualities. And yet, though it be heresy, one somehow sympathizes a bit with the snappy science man who at one time took charge of the school. H. G. Wells could have presented his point of view so as to make Mr. Chips look rather as though he were hardly playing the game. And Sinclair Lewis would—in one mood—have blown him off the face of the earth in a single detonating sentence. Not that one forgets "Our Mr. Wrenn" by Sinclair Lewis. He also had his day with quaint and lovable little men.

Everyone can recall some schoolmaster in his own personal experience for whom he still feels a glow of affection. The headmaster of my old school was such a one. But after all, though he believed "everlastingly" in Latin and Greek, he was a character of almost Rooseveltian drive and gusto, quite other than Mr. Chips.

Mr. Chips is a genuine creation and I am glad the story was written about him. But I am rather of the H. G. Wells party when it comes to problems of education. The Mr. Chipses of this world, for all their quaintness and humor, serve only to muddle the matter. All of which discussion may be loading a slight story with far more than the traffic should be called upon to bear; and yet such a story, picturing as it does an educational system that apparently appeals to the headmasters of the most exclusive schools in America—to judge by their quoted comments—must necessarily provoke controversy. If you are content simply to take Mr. Chips in the old Dickensian spirit, as did Mr. Woollcott, he is wholly lovable; and perhaps you are better off. I admit I should have liked the kind of easy-going life he led, and to be beloved as was he for my dear old eccentricities. But my dear old eccentricities, from the beginning, have merely aroused family criticism. And oh, to be a quaint character!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART..... *Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN..... *Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS.... *Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 47.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1934, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Humility

This lost and wayward generation of the twenties, of which Mr. Cowley writes and on which Mr. De Voto commented last week, has now been called everything but humble, and perhaps the omission is significant. Humility is not always a literary virtue. No one wishes that Milton or Dr. Johnson, or Emerson or Whitman, had been endowed with more. These outspeakers and trumpeters of the word, even such trombonists as Whitman, were the better men because they were sure, because they were too sure. But there is one kind of literary humility which has been of unspeakable advantage to culture, and which was notoriously lacking among the young men of the twenties who made themselves coteries and who wrote then, and are still writing, as spokesmen for belles lettres.

It is the humility which gives the people what they want—although, if the writer is worth his salt, what he gives may be infinitely better than any reader would have the wit to imagine. It was the humility of the early Elizabethans who wrote for the vulgar stage instead of for the universities; the humilities of the first novelists who admitted that their art could never be exalted or erudite and wrote for the idle hour and the relaxed brain. Some strength flowed back from satisfied minds into the brains of these men who proposed to do their best for a populace that might be intelligent but was not highbrow. Virtue went into them and came out of them in works which have since become the property of humanity. We had such writers, plenty of them, in the twenties. They wrote the books that millions read, and were well rewarded for their pains. It was not their humility which kept them from achieving more than one or two authentic masterpieces. One should remember that the magazines for which they chiefly wrote were certainly not humble. The pretentious cocksureness of editors who presented every ready-made suit as a court costume injected an insincerity which worked back into the creative brain.

But if there was one quality which the generation which called itself *the* literary generation and thought of itself as *the* generation lacked, it was the humility to recognize that "in the beginning was the word" is written only in the Fourth Gospel. The gentry of whom Mr. Cowley writes dealt in words for each other and their ideas, often of great importance, were often again coterie ideas, a growth upon the trunk of American life that in its flowering was exotic. They were clairvoyant but not clairvoyant enough to see the processes of minds less sensitive and less thwarted than theirs. Hence the sense of frustration when they failed to make their books seem important. Deeper causes lay behind their perplexities, and behind the equivalent frustration of the academic groups in the United States who also in these twenties lacked humility, and were warped and wounded by their failure to make their intellectual interests seem important to the students under their charge. There was a certain arrogance in both literary and academic intellectuals in this decade, which was admirable as courage, but not good for character, or for results. Humbler minds would have accepted the universe first, and then "shot the works."

Perhaps the literary census for the decade would have shown about the same percentage of good, bad, and indifferent, but if the coterie specialists had found less frustrating jobs, the rush to the save-all and catch-all of communism might not have been so precipitate.

"NO THANK YOU, I'M JUST BROWSING."

Letters to the Editor: *A Detroiter Takes Issue With Frank Jewett Mather*

Rivera in Detroit

SIR:—Forgive me for behaving like your brook trout that "for his rage is caught" writing a letter to the editor. But Mr. Mather's rather cavalier condescension toward Detroit, apropos of the Rivera frescoes, is an enraging lure.

"It does not speak favorably for the taste and humor of Detroit that its intelligentsia sniffed dire propaganda in Rivera's witchery"; indeed! With Mr. Mather himself declaring that the work of Rivera in the American murals is "frankly propagandist."

If, as Mr. Mather says, Rivera "is unquestionably the greatest practitioner in fresco of our day," it speaks a great deal for the taste and humor of what Mr. Mather terms "a society dominated by captains of industry and their women folk" that Rivera should have been given the opportunity to paint frescoes in Detroit at all,—and that through the generosity of Mr. Edsel B. Ford, president of the Detroit Arts Commission, and son of the captain of industry who has done more than any other individual to make Detroit the world's Motor City.

A curate of the Episcopal church, objecting to the "so-called vaccination panel," began what was known colloquially as the "Rivera murals row." The proportion of Detroit's "intelligentsia" actively involved was relatively small, although the controversy attracted to the Detroit Institute of Arts thousands of persons, including many who had never before been inside the building. The "row" made marvelous newspaper copy, just as the "battle of Radio City" did later in New York,—whatever any of it proved to Rivera.

Naturally, in a city with a heterogeneous population of more than 1,500,000, there was the widest divergence of opinion. But aside from those few hundreds who were most violently vocal, it became the consensus that it was merely too bad for the work to have been done in the Institute's fountain court—erstwhile a pleasant oasis of pool and greenery—where, as Mr. Mather says, it was inevitable that it should "outrage, nay swear at, its early Florentine setting." (Incidentally, it is beside the point for Mr. Mather to cheer the annihilation of that Florentine setting's original effect by the frescoes by adding that "The respectable archæology of our monumental buildings is not the norm for a creative painter." None of us out here ever said it was.)

The point simply is that the Rivera frescoes are still where they were painted, on the walls of the Florentine fountain court of the Detroit Institute of Arts. They have not been destroyed, or whitewashed, or curtained.

Like the late dear Queen, "we are not amused" here in Detroit by any kind of condescension. We'll match our taste and humor against all comers.

HELEN C. BOWER.

Detroit, Mich.

A Janeite Accepts the Challenge

SIR:—I am convinced that mine is merely one of scores of typewriters going under full steam heartily endorsing the suggestion of Elizabeth Fry, appearing among the letters in your recent issue, that the Janeites get together.

I cannot claim to hold the degree that gives me the distinction of being a graduate Janeite, but nevertheless the contemplation of the meditations and findings of actual Janeites would be of great fascination to me. I am persuaded that I do not stand alone.

Elizabeth Fry asks some teasing questions, which will probably buzz round in the backs of our heads till some good soul sends the answering letter to the *Review*. Meanwhile, here is another question, a very simple one: Was there ever a Janeite of the feminine persuasion who did not identify herself with Elizabeth Bennet? And again, who fills that personal role for the gentlemen Janeites? If the response comes instantly, "Why, the excellent Mr. Knightley, of course," there is something I have missed. Or how about the dashing Captain Wentworth?

MARCIA FLAGG.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Dr. Johnson on Superfetation

SIR:—I have been rereading Boswell's Johnson, and I find that some one hundred and fifty years ago the Doctor is alleged to have made the following remark:

"We must read what the world reads at the moment. It has been maintained that this superfetation, this teeming of the press in modern times, is prejudicial to good literature, because it obliges us to read so much of what is of inferior value, in order to be in the fashion; so that better works are neglected for want of time, because a man will have more gratification of his vanity in conversation, from having read modern books, than from having read the best books of antiquity."

One wonders what the Doctor would have thought of the present superfetation.

ARTHUR DAVIS ROBINSON.

Bloomington, Ill.

Munitions and Lazy Readers

SIR:—One can sympathize with the motive which makes Mr. Frank Simonds, in your issue of April 28th, attack "Merchants of Death," and "Iron, Blood and Profits." As he says himself, he is an internationalist but not a crusader. He objects, and quite rightly, to crusades, because they often succeed merely in kicking up enough dust to blind all concerned. Anticipating the dust storm from these two books, Mr. Simonds is already on the war-path. He attacks them for the ignorance which the average reader will bring to them, not (at least in one case) for any failure in the point of view of the authors.

His point is well taken, that munition makers, like war itself, are the effects of a pernicious ideology, and not original causes; that the source, not the symptoms, must be stamped on. But he has just quoted Messrs. Engelbrecht and Hanighen to the effect that the evils which they expose can be eliminated only by a complete remaking of our civilization which will abolish war at its source. His only quarrel with these gentlemen, then, seems to be that this announcement comes at the end of their book, too late for the reader who stops half-way. Why not, while he is at it, attack the reader for stopping half-way?

LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

Guatemala City
Guatemala, C. A.

Discovering Claude Houghton

SIR:—You have spoken of the joy of "discovering" a book which has received little publicity. There's a sort of moral obligation to pass on the find. Late last year Doubleday Doran published, with little fanfare, "Julian Grant Loses His Way," by Claude Houghton.

Your magazine did not pay any attention to it. It seems to me one of the most amazing, terrifying, and compelling books I've ever read. The denouement is absolutely unlike anything I've come across.

You may differ with me on the quality of the book, but surely you cannot deny its originality. Only because I feel this book to be one of the five or ten best of these days have I written you. I plead with you to do something about it; a masterpiece should not remain hidden.

JONATHAN KILBOURN.

New Haven, Conn.

[*Editor's Note:—We reviewed "Julian Grant Loses His Way" on October 28, 1933. Our reviewer said of it: "Mr. Claude Houghton is certainly one of the most interesting of English post-war novelists . . . he is genuinely attempting something too seldom attempted in current literature, a tackling of spiritual problems in imaginative terms."*]

Elinor Wylie Bibliography

SIR:—I am at work on the bibliography and genealogy of Elinor Wylie, which is to be appended to the biography by her sister, Nancy Hoyt, which Bobbs-Merrill will publish in the fall. I should appreciate any aid on the collation and "points" on the first editions of Mrs. Wylie's books, or for details on the Hoyt family of which Mrs. Wylie was a member.

HARVEY TAYLOR.

425 Madison Ave.
New York City

Shillaber and Mrs. Partington

SIR:—I am engaged upon a biography of Benjamin P. Shillaber, 1814-1890, the creator of Mrs. Partington who was famous for such sayings as, "We shall all come to an end some day, even though we don't live to see it."

If any of your readers have letters from, or information on, the humorist, will they please communicate with me?

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Webster Groves, Mo.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS. By THOMAS MANN. *Knopf.* The first part of a trilogy, of impressive character, drawn from Biblical sources.

THE METHOD OF FREEDOM. By WALTER LIPPMANN. *Macmillan.* An exposition of the author's political and social philosophy.

FIRST CHILDHOOD. By LORD BERNERS. *Farrar & Rinehart.* Memoirs of English life.

This Less Recent Book:

ALL PASSION SPENT. By V. SACKVILLE WEST. *Doubleday, Doran.* A novel of which old age is heroine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Autobiography" of a Roman Emperor

I, CLAUDIUS. By Robert Graves. New York: Smith & Haas. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. GRAVES gets himself all set to write a really fine historical novel; and then, after five hundred pages of increasingly wearisome preliminaries, decides not to write it after all. In the Roman Emperor Claudius (the First) — whose autobiography, confidentially set down for remote posterity, the book purports to be—he has chosen a protagonist immensely fascinating; and not merely because he happened to be the first great executive who lived down the effects of infantile paralysis. Claudius, stricken in childhood, was lame, he stammered, he was deaf in one ear—so appalling a contrast to his brilliant father and brother that his family always considered him a halfwit. He was shoved off into the background, where he devoted himself to writing histories that nobody read; and then at the age of fifty, discovered hiding in a closet after the murder of his nephew Caligula, he was made Emperor simply because he was the brother of his brother—and became one of the ablest of Emperors, shaping the outline of the imperial administration for two centuries to come.

The character has perplexed historians, ancient and modern; but it is no puzzle to Mr. Graves, who makes it coherent and plausible historically as well as artistically. This is the sort of man who would have done what Claudius did and lived as he lived; the way he thinks, the discursiveness, the blend of pedantry and real erudition, is the way Claudius thought, as shown in the fragments of his letters and speeches that survive. Once this character begins to unfold, in the early chapters, you expect something first-rate; especially as Mr. Graves recreates Rome of the Julio-Claudian period, makes you feel that all this really happened, once more achieving historical and artistic plausibility combined. These are the first two hurdles which any historical novelist must clear, and they are high ones; Mr. Graves takes them in his stride. Nothing is left for him but to write his novel; which unfortunately he fails to do.

The most interesting part of Claudius's life came after his accession to the throne; the book stops there. Agrippina barely appears as a minor character, Messalina is no more than mentioned near the end; there is nothing, naturally, of the work Claudius did, a work whose effects were not wholly ruined even by his bad taste in women. What we get here is the story of the fifty years in which Claudius was only an observer in a corner—a history of the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula which will bore the average reader to extinction. It is almost wholly personal and palatine — transcription of Tacitus, Dio, and Suetonius, whichever happens to give the most lurid version of any particular event; and including some things which even Suetonius, the Gaston Means of ancient historians, mentions as unsubstantiated rumors. All that Mr. Graves has contributed is to make Livia—Claudius's grandmother, Augustus's wife—the villainess; every man or woman of distinction who died over those fifty years seems to have been poisoned by Livia. Grant that Livia was a sinister old lady, suspected of some poisonings; Mr. Graves's endless succession of them eventually stirs the reader to untimely mirth. You wonder if Livia did not also poison Jesus Christ.

One other fault mars the book for people who will read it at all. Mr. Graves was apparently aiming at readers who never heard of Rome and do not know a word of Latin. But such persons are not going to read a novel about Rome, unless it is of the "Quo Vadis" type. The sort of people who will read "I, Claudius," or at least commence it, will be constantly irritated by the use of such modern geographical terms as France and the Balkans; and by the turning of the most familiar words into their English equivalents—or, where no equivalent exists, into awkward circumlocutions. It might be supposed that such terms as legion, toga, gladiator, and tribune would be plain enough. Why drive readers to the continual necessity of retranslation to find out what the author is talking about?

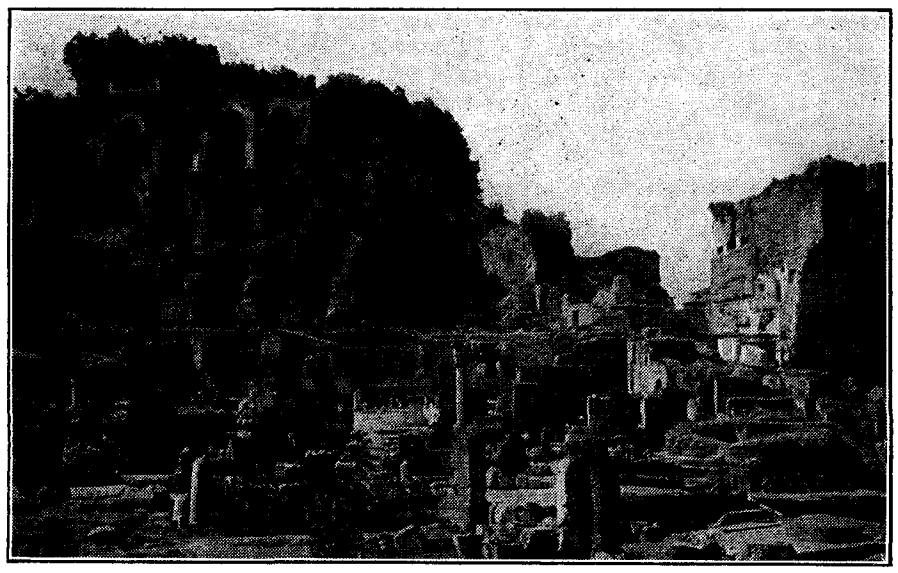
Mann's Story of Joseph

(*Continued from first page*)

poetry. With Joseph we gaze down into the abyss of our beginnings, of the beginnings of time, and we feel with him a sense of dizziness. The impression Mann succeeds in creating in this prefatory chapter is indeed remarkable, and altogether equal to the wonderful presentation of the atmosphere of disease and heightened excitement which we find in "The Magic Mountain."

Leaving the Creation, the Flood, and the Tower of Babel, Mann comes to the story of Jacob. It was a risky undertaking to touch so delicate a flower as this inspired love story, and we cannot think that Mann has escaped the dangers. He has, it is true, taken the facts for history. But one cannot avoid the impression that some of this narrative, especially that which deals with Laban's successful attempt to "put off" Jacob with Leah, instead of the younger, more comely, and best-beloved Rachel, has been written after a study of the works of Sigmund Freud or D. H. Lawrence. The artless simplicity of the Old Testament has been overlaid with psychology; one must consider Goethe wrong in wanting to add "details" to this matchless love story. But it was admittedly a severe test for a modern writer.

Elsewhere Mann has been more successful. He is particularly admirable in his description of the primitive, half-nomadic life of Laban and his family. This breathes the air of the desert, while the stirring story of the vengeance taken by Dina's brothers for her raping, or the account of the flight of Jacob and Rachel with Laban's family-gods, is excellent in every way. Something of the *tour de force* that Flaubert accomplished in "Salammbo" has been achieved by Mann here also; he has, out of long and deep study, the effects of which are well concealed, recreated scenes from the remote past, and that without any hint of cheapness, such as one finds in "Ben-Hur," or even in Lion Feuchtwanger's "Josephus." There is often a real austerity about this writing, which enables us to consider it as characteristic of its famous author. The two remaining volumes, which are to appear in the course of the next year, will reveal whether Mann has written his masterpiece.



PANORAMA OF THE ROMAN FORUM, WITH THE PALACE OF CALIGULA

Alec, Meet Life!

BACHELOR—OF ARTS. By John Erskine. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by TESS SLESINGER

ON the jacket of Mr. Erskine's "Bachelor—Of Arts," his publishers have plaintively written: "Life, meet Alec!" The sad truth is that Life and Mr. Erskine's Alec, projected as the average B. A., model 1934, seem congenitally unacquainted, and destined to remain forever strangers; they have far too little in common.

In the magazine section of *The New York Times* for May sixth appeared an article by Irwin Edman entitled "Portrait of an Undergraduate of 1934." Mr. Edman disposed of the undergraduate Alecs in a sentence: "the richling, the Babbitt in embryo, the college athlete, the snob, the routine mediocrity—all these persist as ever"; and then turned his attention to the more significant Fredericks, representative of current collegian thought. It is difficult to see why, in these lively days of undergraduate societies, student indignation meetings, and generally healthy signs of realistic intelligence on the campuses of America, Mr. Erskine has chosen the least significant undergraduate to portray: the perennial sophomore who is fundamentally no different in 1934 from his older brother who was graduated from Columbia just before the war. Still Mr. Erskine, having made his choice, might have endowed his portrait with contemporary importance. Alec might have been shown up, in contrast to the Fredericks, a shallow nonentity. But "affection prompted these pages," writes Mr. Erskine in his Note; and actually he appears to find Alec, for all his stupidities, quite a nice boy. Well then, Mr. Erskine, liking Alec, had still another chance; he might have made him, however insignificant, a living person in himself, at least as real a human being as, say, Penrod.

If we had to accept Alec as an authentic portrait of even the "average" 1934 college boy, we should be depressed. But luckily both Alec and his campus (a kind of musical-comedy Columbia University) are thoroughly unconvincing. There are unfortunately still undergraduates who seek refuge in their study of the Renaissance and take relatively little interest in liver contemporary issues; there are no doubt still college boys who, like Alec, after mauling an unloved girl in a hammock consider themselves "abnormal and unworthy," and go "back home to grieve."

But there never was a student at Columbia, or even at old King's College, who played such pranks as Alec did with Prexy. Imagine a freshman, drunk in the morning, staggering into Nicholas Murray Butler's office and reporting that the Library was out of the important books; and imagine Nicholas Murray Butler (who, with the Dean, was drawn from "an honored colleague") picking up the telephone: "What! The *Librarian* is out! Oh, he's at a committee, is he? Well, I wish to see him, at his earliest convenience!" Then there is Alec's totally unmoving romance with Mimi, to whom he proposes eleven pages after meeting her. There is the burlesque chapter entitled "Alec is for Peace," in which Alec, angered at finding one of his letters a menacing invitation to see the Dean, looks with benevolence upon the second, which happens to be a document put out by an undergraduate pacifist society. "By gad, it was true! He hadn't seen it in that light before . . . If he went in for pacifism, the fellows would ride him." Whereupon Mr. Erskine, his tongue mildly lolling in his cheek, goes on to show Alec that same evening fighting with his friends, with his girl, and at last with a speaker on Union Square—which is presented like a circus tent with side-shows; Alec is then run into jail, from which the Dean bails him out; it is at this point that his letter to the President is providentially returned, the Dean gives him another chance, his fraternity initiates him, his girl says he is just grand. . . .

But it is impossible, in justice to Mr. Erskine and his past achievements, even his earlier novels, to take this one as anything more than light-weight summer reading, and to hope that Mr. Erskine meant it as such. We prefer to think of the new college boy as he was portrayed by Irwin Edman; by George Milburn in a fine short story called "A Student of Economics"; by George Anthony Weller who depicted every possible type in "Not to Eat, Not for Love"; by the college boys themselves who have recently declared themselves opposed to war—and surely in such numbers there must be many representatives of the 1934 "average boy."

* *

Tess Slesinger, whose recent novel, "The Unpossessed," includes as characters a group of Columbia University students, is a graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism.

A Novel of the Spanish Conquest

MARIA PALUNA. By Blair Niles. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by FRANS BLOM

THE highlands of Guatemala is a land of rare beauty and fascination. Mountains, volcanoes, valleys, and lakes diversify this country of an Indian people who live today much as they did four hundred years ago, when the Spanish hordes under Pedro de Alvarado, "the

BLAIR NILES

Brutal," introduced among them European "civilization" and Christian cruelty. All the zeal of soldiers and priests has not converted the Indian.

There are three sources from which one can create a picture of Indian life at the time of the conquest; first, archeological material and Indian records such as the Popol Vuh, the Titulos de Totonicapán, and the Rabinal Achí; second, the records of the conquerors, such as Bernal Diaz's "True History of the Conquest of New Spain," and Cortez's and Alvarado's letters to the king; and, finally, a close study and understanding of the Indians of today.

Modestly Blair Niles calls her book a novel. It is a splendid novel, and, what is more, it is founded on a diligent study of sources. Blair Niles has not only consulted archeological records and early documents but she has lived in Guatemala, has seen the mountains and tropical valleys. She must have visited the ruins of the once mighty city of Utatlán, and she certainly must have watched the Indians tending their daily chores, followed them to their religious ceremonies, and seen the "brujo" make his divinations.

To my mind Miss Niles has succeeded in a most remarkable way in converting the source material into a clear picture of that amazing period of American history when the cultures of two continents clashed in a desperate struggle. My only criticism of it is that the story is a little too poetic, the persons are a little too sweet. The great battle between the cultures of the old and the new worlds was filled with passionate fury.

* *

Frans Blom is a member of the Department of Middle American Research at Tulane University.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Selling the Oxford Group Movement

I WAS A PAGAN. By V. C. Kitchen. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $1.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT CLARKE WYCKOFF

THIS new book of the Oxford Group Movement bids fair to surpass the popularity of "For Sinners Only." Like that, it tells the story of a changed life. This convert, however, instead of being an English journalist, is a very successful American advertising man doing business at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City. It is curious how the Holy Spirit selects such practical writers to present the Oxford Group Movement to the general public! At least they are not "highbrow." There is nothing new in the conversion experience of the author, it is "The Old, Old Story." And since the confessional details of previous pagan living are abundant, and nothing new is told about the Oxford Group Movement, we shall pass over these features and turn immediately to the unique contribution of Mr. Kitchen's book. It lies in the fact that a very clever, well-educated, psychologically dissatisfied, partially pagan, advertising man comes under the influence of the Oxford Group Movement, and experiences a changed life so remarkable that he finds in it the key to the solution of all the problems to which humanity is heir.

The genuineness of the author's conversion experience, his evident sincerity, and his high purpose to change for the better the lives of individuals and the life of the home, the church, the state, business, the world—all combine to make us reluctant to offer any disturbing word of criticism. But we have caught just enough of the author's passion for "absolute truth," and his newly acquired moral indignation against the wrongs of high-pressure advertising, to make it impossible to resist these moral forces in their reactions to this book. Hence, what follows.

The fact that Mr. Kitchen is so thoroughly sold on the Oxford Group Movement himself makes his endeavor to sell it to others a task to which he brings all the varied gifts of his life and experience, together with the resources of his highly specialized profession. The title, "I Was A Pagan," is the natural creation of the advertising man's mental work-pattern, which is the "Before and After Using" display idea. This furnishes the literary form around which the material of the book is organized. And it opens the way for the author to slip over unconsciously from the facts he has at his disposal to the fictionalizing of his emotional appeal. This practice becomes almost inevitable because the Oxford Group Movement technique is organized around five absolutes—all of which are fictions.

Mr. Kitchen cannot resist contrasting what he was before his conversion with what he has become. On pages 89-90 he presents the following parallels:

In My Old Life	*In My New Life*
I most liked: Myself	I most like: God
I hated most: Poverty (for myself)	I hate most: Sin. Self, because "I" is the middle letter of SIN.

It is easy to see that these absolutes are over-simplifications of the real problem. Psychology recognizes this fact. The "I" that was the center of his pagan life in sin, has not entirely disappeared in this present book. To be absolutely honest in the matter, the modest, humble, agnostic "I" of Mr. Kitchen's pagan days seems like a pygmy by the side of the new, confident, pangnostic "I" in his God-and-I combination which lends him the assurance to sweep away with a gesture all philosophy, ethics, science, theology, church, and psychology, and offer in its place the knowledge that is to be derived from direct God-guidance. The old seasoned theologian cannot repress a smile when this lay child of less than five years in the Faith, casually explains the Trinity in a passing moment. And the reviewer wonders whether it is quite fair to God to hold Him responsible for the philosophy, ethics, science, and psychology, as well as the theology and ecclesiology of this author. But one cannot escape from this new self-assurance, well expressed in this passage:

> And the Holy Ghost Himself would always have remained . . . a power God could not trust me with because I did not know how to use it.
>
> Today, however, He *is* sending me His Holy Spirit because He knows that I am following His Son.

This is the kind of spiritual pride all genuine religion fears most. It grows out of the feeling of the converted advertising man that he must sell what he has to every one else. If the Oxford Group Movement would only learn from the centuries of experience of the historic Christian Church to seed down these new converts and give them time to grow and season and mature before using them, they would save the Movement from repeating the mistakes of so many similar movements which have preceded it. But, then, Mr. Kitchen never would have written this book.

* *

Albert Charles Wyckoff is minister of the Reformed Church of Spring Valley, N. Y.

Shavian By-Products

SHORT STORIES, SCRAPS AND SHAVINGS. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

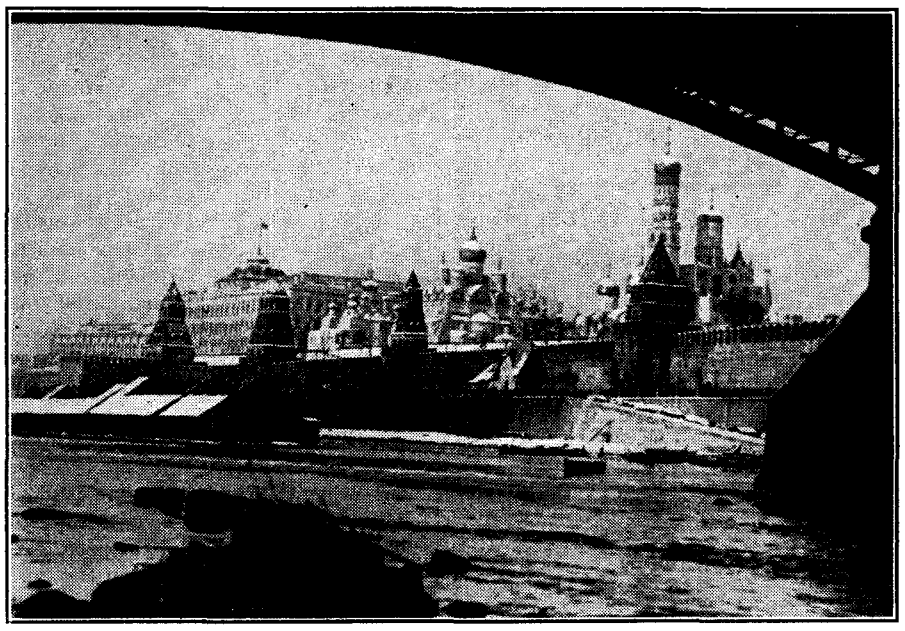
THIS latest collection of Shaviana may, perhaps, be more appropriately entitled "Shavings." It consists of a number of short stories and sketches, two scenes from "Back to Methuselah" which were omitted from the published form of that play, the story of the "Adventures of the Black Girl in her Search for God," and other "scraps and shavings" recovered from the periodicals in which they were first printed in the eighties and nineties of the last century. Collectors of Shaw's writings will welcome "Aerial Football" which appeared in a now forgotten magazine, *The Neolith*, in 1907, and "The Emperor and the Little Girl" which was written in 1916 for a Belgian War Charity for Children and which, we are told, had to be published furtively since it rebuked the war spirit of the time too pointedly. In the discarded scenes from the play the reader will recognize and enjoy an amusingly friendly and delightful caricature of Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

In addition to the set of John Farleigh's strikingly arresting drawings which appeared in the original edition of "The Adventures of the Black Girl," a set of new drawings by that artist are also included, completing the series made for this essay in criticism of missionary Christianity. Shaw is still of the opinion that it is wiser for the Black Girl to take Voltaire's advice and cultivate her garden. But what is she to do if she can't get a garden to cultivate? Is she to go to Russia for one? There, at any rate, as Shaw tells us, they have thrown the Old Testament into the waste-paper basket, so that the Black Girl can use her knobkerry to a more useful purpose than swatting missionaries and theologians on the head. She may rake her garden with it.

Mirrors of Moscow

WINTER IN RUSSIA. By Malcolm Muggeridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.50.

MR. MUGGERIDGE, correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in Soviet Russia, came back after eight months there bitterly disillusioned. That which disillusioned him wasn't the Revolution as such—an objective fact in history, the tremendous implications of which he feels it still too soon to attempt to evaluate—but the so-called Dictatorship of the Proletariat, the actual Soviet Government; and the whole complex of careerism, maudlin sentimentality, poisonous psychological "compensations" of one sort and other masking as idealistic devotion—the gigantic racket, as he sees it, which has gathered around it.



MOSCOW IN WINTER

The Kremlin seen from the Moscow river. Photo by Intourist.

Toward the Revolution, as such, Mr. Muggeridge must be presumed to be sympathetic, else he would never have been correspondent for the *Guardian* and never have been sent to Moscow. The result is a book, at last, with something really new to say about Soviet Russia. For here we have neither dull reactionary complaining, nor the equally crass enthusiasm of the visitor determined to make all his dreams come true (two classes into which many books about Soviet Russia fall) but the revulsion of an intelligence, modern and favorably disposed, against the whole Show as it actually exists.

The result might be described very roughly as a sort of "Mirrors of Moscow," for "everybody" is here, from the clever, tight-rope-walking American journalist up and down; commissars, Foreign Office types, diplomats, correspondents, visitors of all sorts, occasionally mentioned by name, more often slightly masked, and the whole combined into chapters of acute, savagely ironical, and highly entertaining reporting thrown into fictional form.

A lot of it will go over the heads of those unacquainted with the scene, but it may be said that behind every one of the names in the book there is an actual individual, and while some of the characters may be composites, the better you know present-day Moscow, the more priceless, in their witty and devastating accuracy, do Mr. Muggeridge's pictures become. He is quite ruthless with his own countrymen, but no less with some of the Americans.

> "My name," a grey-haired American said, "is Dr. Canning. You may know, or have heard of, my daughter, Beatrice Canning."
>
> She was on the other side of the table; an immense woman, red-cheeked; a kind of passionate stupidity in her eyes, a monumental idiocy . . .
>
> Miss Canning's book, "Sex and the Soviets," had made a great stir in the States. She had stood shoulder to shoulder with the toiling masses of Russia for no less than ten years in their struggle to create a classless, socialist society. Trotsky, it appeared, had once made advances to her in a taxi. He had, she often recounted, rested his historic hand on her knee; and she, perhaps mistakenly, had withdrawn the knee from his grasp.

One of the telling things about the narrative is that the author dodges none of the propaganda; keeps quoting it, in fact, literally and with all its eloquence, just taking care to let fall a drop or two of his own corrosive acid into the test-tube to change its color completely. Some of his more guilelessly amusing thrusts are obtained by very accurate imitations of bits of cable correspondence, in various styles, he first having taken us, in turn, inside each correspondent's head and revealed the flimsy grounds on which each particular dispatch was based.

But, the reader may inquire, isn't this universal lambasting, a bit one-sided and unfair? Undoubtedly. Mr. Muggeridge knows his facts, nevertheless; there is such a thing as wholesome indignation, and there has been so much leaning over backward to be fair to Russia's present dictators, so much pussy-footing and "on-the-other-hand" stuff, let alone downright misrepresentation, that it is refreshing to come across an intelligent observer who is just plain disgusted all through and doesn't give a hoot who knows it.

A Philosopher-King

(*Continued from first page*)

impossibility under a democracy. People don't elect representatives to "go against the crowd." Knowing that Andrew Mellon and Calvin Coolidge were busy with tax refunds at the very time when a "compensatory" State should have been using taxes to liquidate the public debt, Mr. Lippmann is aware that representatives of the people are fallible. Yet he hopes. But even if the Federal Reserve had raised the rediscount rate in 1928, thus preventing the boom from getting out of hand, trouble would have resulted, according to some competent authorities. For the raising of the rediscount rate would have made lending more profitable, with a consequent shifting of capital from abroad, say, to New York. And such a shift would have its consequences, perhaps, in a disastrous unsettling of foreign economies. "Compensation" at one point means an alteration of the equilibrium at another. It seems to me that crisis would be just as endemic under "compensation" as it was in 1928. Mr. Strachey has indicated why.

Mr. Lippmann, I think, mistakes a general clutching at straws for a permanent government principle. If the rate of profit is not doomed to shrink to zero (Mr. Strachey thinks it is), then the time for straw clutching will pass as prosperity returns. If it is doomed to shrink to zero, there won't be much left to "compensate." But of course "freedom" is not necessarily indissolubly bound up with the capitalist system, in spite of Mr. Lippmann's assumption. As Hitler and Thyssen have proved in Germany, capitalism can make use of a dictatorship. And theoretically, socialism can be democratic. It doesn't happen to be democratic in Russia, but that may be the fault of a country that had no capital plant to speak of when the Bolsheviks broke the Kronstadt rebellion (the Kronstadt sailors demanded "free election") and went in for a one-party dictatorship to control the New Economic Policy. I think Mr. Lippmann does socialism an injustice when he identifies it with absolutism. If one can vote for and recall one's "compensators," why can't one vote for and recall a board of "planners"? One would need a book to argue the question, which may be a tribute to Mr. Lippmann's powers of stimulation.

WALTER LIPPMANN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

In Praise of Boston

I'VE never seen a Lowell walk,
Nor heard a Cabot speak with God,
But I enjoy good Boston talk
And Boston beans and Boston cod.

And dear to me are Boston's ways,
Her tea-shops and her candied sweets,
Her old-world charm and quaint displays,
Her gabled roofs and sloping streets.

Here Life moves on an ordered stage,
Whereon the Past is still sublime,
And spinsters of Victorian age
Hold fort against the raids of time.

Here every stone shows Boston's pride
In throwing off the British yoke,
Yet Boston's English none may chide:
She speaks it as it should be spoke.

For Boston is an English name,
And, when Old England's star is set,
New England tongues will chant her fame
With "R"-less accents of regret.

But, most of all, I like the town
Because it's so sedate and slow,
Because no sky-scrapers frown down
On speed-mad Troglodytes below.

But houses built three storeys high
With English porch and winding stair,
A gray mist in an English sky,
A common and a cobbled square,

And fisherfolk in argosies,
With snow-clad prow and frosted wings,
Who brave the wintry deep—All these
Are our and Boston's lasting things.

R. H. Bruce Lockhart.

Esoterica Viniana

Clients who have been taking up the study of wine in a humble and experimental way tell us that their chief difficulty, especially when dining with connoisseurs, is ignorance of the professional patter. This is quite true; those who esteem themselves gourmets have a jargon all their own. It is embarrassing, when given a wine your host evidently believes something rather special, not to know what to say about it. The Wine Steward of the Three Hours for Lunch Club has prepared the following list of appropriate comments which can be memorized by those who are at a loss when some knowing comment is desirable:

Of a modest Bordeaux (claret) it is ingenious to say, *A real Frenchman's claret: it makes you feel chez vous.* Or, *an amusing little wine! Does it travel?*

Of a wine you don't care for: never be so crass as to say you don't like it. Purse up the lips, gargle it round a little, corrugate the brows, cockle your nose, wait for the others to express themselves, and then ask to be allowed to smell the cork. This is always a social triumph.

Be careful about using the words *body* and *bouquet,* which anyone can learn from advertisements or catalogues. More impressive are *tone, ether, esprit;* or technical terms borrowed from other sciences —e. g., *frequency.* Of a fine cognac it is very knowledgeable to say *a very high frequency;* or, inhaling the vapors, *it throws a notable ether.* After drinking, look solemn while you count twenty, tap your chest gently with one finger, and say *a good clear echo.*

Of a genteel Barsac, *a bit virginal.* In the case of Chablis you are lost among connoisseurs unless you remember to allude to *the gun-flint savor.* Of a big riotous Burgundy—a Chambertin of a superb year, for instance—you must be wary. Play safe, using some famous French dictum such as *it opens out in the mouth like a peacock's tail.*

It is well to keep a memorandum of the Big Years of Bordeaux and Côte d'Or written out on a card in the pocket of your dinner coat. This can be consulted in the lavatory.

A useful phrase in emergencies is to ask *Is it shottled?* the insider's slang for *chateau-bottled.*

Of a medium vintage, which proves more palatable than you expected, say *seemed a trifle shy at first, but it has temperament.*

Never commit yourself prematurely. If asked for an opinion after the first few sips, say *It has nice ankles. I'll tell you more presently.* Or, *a little languid but I daresay it has something up its sleeve.*

Don't hesitate to call for a piece of Bel Paese or Pont l'Eveque or Port de Salut, because the real enthusiast always insists that a wine has been clandestinely married to one of these cheeses.

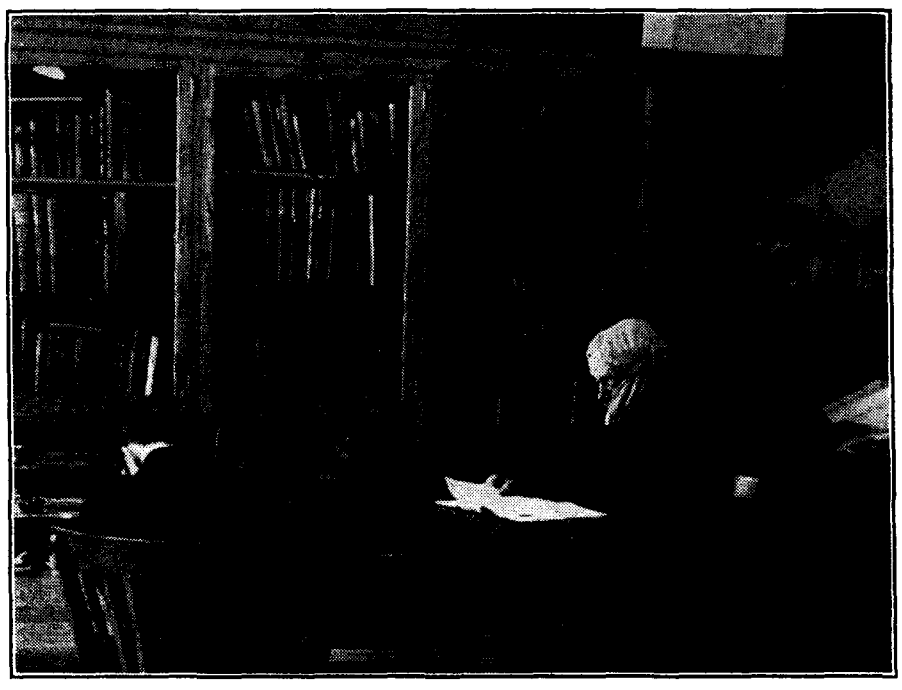
Occasional quotations from the works of Berry, André Simon, Warner Allen and Professor Saintsbury are of crushing effect. Imply that other writers on wine are *arrivistes.*

Miscellaneous standard comments: *delightfully feminine; a bit too luscious; rather trivial, what?; a real Englishman's port; is this a good year for laying down?*

Never ask, of a cocktail, *Did this go round the Cape in a barrel?* And such remarks as *it tastes of the wood* are dangerous, they recall Prohibition days.

It is not necessary to have any technical dicta for champagne; no wine lover cares much for champagne.

A sure score is to insist that the waiter cut off *the whole* of the metal capsule on top of the bottle. The inexperienced waiter rarely does so.



VIEUX CURÉ: *Photo by Robert Disraeli*

Memoranda

☞Discarding a memorandum book filled with our own private Concerns we find a lot of confidential notations, as follows: ☞The full page advertisement in the New York *Herald Tribune* (May 26) about the Prince of Wales's trousers seemed to us in excessively poor taste. ☞Mr. Roth, the "Physiognomical Barber" on 81 Street just West of Broadway is an old Navy man and hopes to do enough trimming for the fleet so that he can get back to his favorite Honolulu, where he ran a barber shop for four years. ☞The name TWYEFFORT on a window at Fifth Avenue and 57th always encourages us to try try again. ☞Admiring the beautiful wands of light waved by the battleships *the night the fleet anchored in the Hudson* made us regret that so many thrilling phenomena were first encouraged for warlike purposes. ☞W. S. H. showed us a note written in 1913 by James Huneker (to Dr. T. C. Williams)—"had to return to Holland for the opening of the Peace Palace (a fine restaurant it will make some day)." ☞John Hervey writes from Chicago that he is disappointed not to have heard more about Charles Lamb in this his centennial year; but the actual date of the anniversary does not come until December. There will be much said later on, because few great writers have been so misconstrued as Lamb. ☞Mr. Hervey suggests, justly, that we reread Lamb's letter to Dyer of Dec. 20, 1830, which has curiously shrewd bearing on present discontents.

☞Thayer Cumings showed us an office questionnaire in which the staff of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn listed the books they had most enjoyed. Almost without exception it was older titles, not current, that had given most enduring pleasure. ☞On a visit to Purdue University in Indiana we were much impressed by two great blocks of rough stone over the doorway of the Union building. These were intended to be carved into symbolic statuary by some famous sculptor, but apparently the money gave out. ☞But it seemed to us they are much more impressive as they are, suggesting the unhewn material of the Future which we can carve as we will. ☞Arguing with Buckminster Fuller about streamline principles of living it occurred to us that the New Testament is the most fundamental essay on Physics: to say *Do as you would be done by* implies the reduction of unnecessary friction and resistance; a streamline car illustrates the principle of love by passing through the atmosphere with as little tearing as possible. ☞The Ancient Mariner also was a streamliner, didn't he say something about "The air is cut away before and closes in behind"? ☞All the great poets have been unconsciously great physicists. ☞Most great ideas have what the advertisements call two-way stretch. ☞Old John Mistletoe, who attempted years ago to popularize the word *callipygian* is amused to see it is now a registered trademark in the garment business.

☞The Walt Whitman Foundation held its annual picnic at Timber Creek (near Camden, N. J.) on Walt's birthday, May 31. Whitmanites were told to drive out White Horse Pike and turn off at Fairmount Avenue: "on one side are evergreen trees, on the other side a gas station." ☞This sounds pleasantly symbolic and would have pleased Walt.

☞The tallyho about Dickens and his domestic affairs is happily subsiding. ☞We are wondering now how soon some newspaper syndicate will exhume the famous (and far more exciting) correspondence between Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield and ventilate it as something new. ☞Somehow we got a sort of grin out of the solemn notice "The letters from Charles Dickens to Mrs. Dickens are copyrighted by NANA and the New York *Times.*" ☞Kindly old NANA.

For whether Dickens loved his wife
  Or whether their romance grew dim
Means nothing in the reader's life
  Who likes him best for Tiny Tim,
For Pickwick, and the Murdstones grim,
  The Cricket, Carol, and the Chimes
And gladly leaves the worst of him
  To NANA—and the New York *Times.*

Christopher Morley.

Introduction to Life

STRIPLINGS. By N. Warner Hooke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

THIS really extraordinary first novel is remarkable in two ways, as a deeply moving study of adolescence, and as a rather annoying attempt to be shocking. It deals with one of those amazingly hard families which are apparently to be found nowhere but in England: the ineffectual Mr. Tamlin, his Amazonian wife Georgina, her resident lover, tolerated by Mr. Tamlin because he contributes to the expense of the land-poor household, and the two children, Biff, Georgina's legitimate son, and Netta, her daughter by her lover, a Tamlin by courtesy and law alone. Of the older generation, the only one with any force of character is Georgina, and she exists for foxhunting. When the lover has had enough and withdraws, when everything has been sold that can be sold, when she is ostracized by the neighbors, she is quite indifferent, so long as she has a leaky roof and a good hunter. The children grow up under no control except necessity's, as the family tumbles downhill; we watch them grow from eight to fifteen, self-sufficient, and quite free from conventions.

The publishers seem to have some qualms about this aspect of the book, and in justification of their fears it may be said that the parts of the book dealing with previously tabooed bodily functions of all kinds are quite as frank as anything in "Ulysses," and the proportion of them is considerably higher. The publishers have deprecated criticism on the jacket, saying that if the book brings a blush to your cheek, they ask your forgiveness; but one may doubt if they really expected to be criticized. For the convention of candor has so completely replaced the convention of modesty that most people would rather do their blushing unseen than risk being accused of Victorianism. And indeed, so long as literary expression was strangled by censorship, there was only one side for anybody who cared for freedom. But now that the battle is won, it is worth while pointing out one or two ancient facts. The coprological may be uproariously funny; it may be profoundly tragic; it may be a necessary part of a realistic effect, and in these cases it needs no justification. But the coprological has one other quality: it is disgusting; and it is as fair a criticism to say that a book is in parts disgusting, without sufficient cause, as to say that it is dull. And this must be said of "Striplings." Passages in it are, speaking precisely, dirty; and dirtiness is unattractive in a companion, without raising any moral question. Nothing in the book brought a blush to the fairly well weathered cheek of this reviewer, but several pages brought his dinner into his throat—to be as specific as seems courteous, the pages describing the hardships of the dog.

And yet this is by all means a book to recommend to readers who will take their chances with a rough Channel crossing for the sake of what lies beyond. The author (one suspects "N. Warner Hooke" of being a woman) has written a sensitive, touching, very fine story. As the children get older, their characters are made to grow with those almost imperceptible touches that are the mark of the highest art. One gets acquainted with them as a couple of pleasant, sturdy little kids; one watches them mature, with an increasing affection for them one can hardly account for; one sympathizes with Netta in her childish adoration for her indifferent big brother. And then, in sheer fascination, one sees them sent to school, to meet the world after so slight a training, and sees adulthood make Netta more shallow and dreamy while it deepens Biff; and watches his all but tragic passion for his sister. And when at last Biff faces the fact that he must somehow come to terms with the consequences of his whole higgledy-piggledy bringing up, when he leaves his home and walks out into the fog, one is divided between admiration and anxiety. I know of no book that has left me with a more unbearable desire to know what happened next, and of few books that have left me with a more vivid impression of having made new friendships.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You who believe you can't enjoy Poetry, "the alphabet of fun, hate, love, and death"

(Carl Sandburg)

You suspect that, if you haven't enjoyed poetry, you've missed a rich experience. You may envy the people who do enjoy it, because they seem to find in it worlds of pleasure. You may harbor some of the prejudices against it—that it is "highbrow," "effeminate," "meaningless." Yet you recognize that these prejudices are probably invalid, for you know that from the beginning of culture, poetry has lived as one of the noblest of the arts, that it has been essential to the greatest and smallest of human beings.

Perhaps you need to be convinced that poetry is, first and last, a thoroughly human activity, that we are constantly employing as well as enjoying it, though we are usually unconscious of it. Here is a book that was written to fill just this need, a volume which, in the words of the *N. Y. Times,* is "very new in method. Many a person reading poetry has the conviction that there is gold spread before him, but that, in some way, it eludes his grasp. This book will help such a person in what is one of the happiest tasks of the world—extracting the gold of poetry."

POETRY: Its Appreciation and Enjoyment

by Louis Untermeyer and H. C. Davidson is designed to approach poetry as a record of human experience, and to translate that experience to the reader. It prints 500 selections from the world's best poetry under different groupings to accompany its discussion. And the discussion is best illustrated by some of the chapter headings:

THE IMAGINATION OF POETRY: THE POEM AS PICTURE
THE EXPERIENCE OF POETRY: THE POEM AS STORY
THE EMOTIONS OF POETRY: THE HUMAN PROBLEMS
PLAY IN POETRY: THE POEM AS AMUSEMENT
SATIRE IN POETRY: THE POEM AS WEAPON
THE THOUGHT IN POETRY: THE POEM AS IDEA

Once the appreciation of poetry is dealt with, the reader is led to increase that enjoyment through a knowledge of the devices by which poetry attains its effects. Here again the comprehensive anthology is employed, to illustrate every form of verse, from the simplest to the most intricate. Franklin P. Adams, a connoisseur of poetry and a poet himself, wrote in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune:* "Easily the best book of its kind I ever saw . . . There is more in it than meets the eye, and more in it than strikes the ear, and more impalpable stuff in it that strikes all the senses. It may be that somebody reading this book may say, 'How long has this been going on?' "

POETRY

ITS APPRECIATION AND ENJOYMENT

By Louis Untermeyer and H. C. Davidson

533 pages—$3.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE
PHANTOM
EMPEROR
By NEIL H. SWANSON
The Author of
THE JUDAS TREE
"Extraordinary . . . a long novel about an actual American character who proclaimed himself an emperor and raised a private army to conquer a kingdom for himself in the American southwest. Probably one of the most mysterious characters in American history. Plenty of excitement and battle and blood and love and besides that it has a great deal of interesting historical detail."—WM. ROSE BENÉT *in the Saturday Review of Literature.*
" 'The Phantom Emperor' is the logical successor to 'Anthony Adverse.' "—CHARLES ESTCOURT, JR., *in "N. Y. Skylines."*
$2.50
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York

A Letter from Switzerland

By RENÉ RAPIN

LOOKING back upon the literary production of Switzerland in 1933, I am struck by the number of remarkable novels written by women. This is a new phenomenon, for, from Gothelf, in the 1840's, to Schaffner and Ramuz, our contemporaries, all our novelists have been men. Whether this masculine predominance is doomed at last, I cannot say. At any rate, of the four outstanding novels of the year in German Switzerland, one alone, Jakob Schaffner's "Eine Deutsche Wanderschaft," is the work of a man.

The three novels by women writers are Cécile Loos's "Die Leisen Leidenschaften," Dorette Hanhart's "Die Gläserne Wand," and Marianne Tanner's "Begegnung im Spiegel" (all three are published by the Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt at Stuttgart). Marianne Tanner's is a first novel, Dorette Hanhart's and Cécile Loos's are their authors' second and third books. Such débutantes, however, it is not one's privilege to meet every day. In fact, although a few gaucheries or improbabilities occasionally betray the novelists' inexperience, the three works show such maturity of outlook, vigor of conception, and originality of treatment as to make the reader feel that behind these books stand mature personalities, whose future work will be worth looking for.

The three young novelists are not our only women writers of note. There are some older writers, as, for example, Maria Waser, who has just published a very interesting and original book, "Begegnung am Abend" (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt), a biography of Constantin de Monakow, the great neurologist, and the story of their meeting and friendship. There are other literary débutantes. One of them, M. D. Hottinger, an Englishwoman or American by birth, has written a charming and learned book, "The Stories of Basel, Berne and Zurich," for Messrs. Dent & Dutton's "Mediæval Towns" series.

Outside fiction, however, men still hold practically undivided sway. A Bernese dramatist, J. R. Welti, has built a powerful drama round the heroic and pathetic figure of a Swiss eighteenth-century general. The interesting literary correspondence of Adolf Frey and Carl Spitteler has come out ("Ad. Frey & Carl Spitteler's Briefe." Huber, Frauenfeld). A Zurich professor, Dr. Emil Ermatinger, has given us a monumental history of German Swiss letters ("Dichtung und Geistesleben der Deutschen Schweiz," Beck, Munich). A less brilliant, less stimulating work than Professor Nadler's, which I mentioned in my last letter (see *Saturday Review,* March 25, 1933), it is perhaps a more reliable guide.

I might lengthen my list, adding names of essayists, historians, or other writers, but, as I have not read their works, and have no reliable information about them, I shall instead pass on to French Switzerland and the most interesting books published there in the past year. All of them are the work of men.

The Alps have inspired, as usual, a number of novels, short stories, or genuine accounts of breath-taking climbs. The following three may be mentioned as standing out from the crowd: J. E. Châble's "L'Avalanche," Charles Gos's "La Nuit des Drus," Edouard Wyss's "Au-delà des Cimes" (all published by Attinger, Neuchâtel and Paris).

A newcomer, Willy Prestre, has written the best novel of the year. His book, "La Lente Agonie" (Attinger), is the story of a young man who tries to wrench a living out of a mountain farm. The man puts up a good fight, but, although the author, somewhat artificially, gives the book a happy ending, it is essentially the story of a losing fight against lack of capital, lack of capable help, disease, accidents, the enmity of neighboring farmers, the low price of agricultural produce and high rate of mortgages, the hostility and vagaries of the weather.

Although the setting of "La Lente Agonie" is the Swiss Jura, not Ohio or Nebraska, the young farmer's story is very much the same as that of thousands of American farmers. There is a convincing truth about the book, a realistic atmosphere of hard work, doggedness, and unconsciousness, all-in-the-day's-work heroism. Willy Prestre's is the seeing eye, he has the power to make even the most trivial incidents stand out. No book that I have read recently has quite this atmosphere of humor, realism, and sympathy.

But there are other things in French Switzerland besides mountains and farms. There are in particular institutions, some modern, others dating from the Reformation or Counter-Reformation, some even, like the ancient Abbey Church of St. Maurice in Valais, going back to the early Middle Ages. Under the general title of "Institutions et Traditions de la Suisse Romande" (Attinger), a young writer, Henri de Ziegler, has launched a collection of short monographs dealing with some of these and illustrating their extraordinary variety and interest. Six volumes have appeared so far: François Bouchardy's "L'Abbaye de St. Maurice," Henri de Ziegler's "Le Collège de Genève" (Calvin's college, established by Calvin himself in 1559), Léon Savary's "Le Collège St. Michel" (the famous school at Fribourg, a creation of the Counter-Reformation), Canon J. Gross's "L'Hospice du Grand Saint-Bernard" (that magnificent institution, long the providence of travellers in the Alps, and of whose persistent vitality there is no better proof than the fact that it has just sent a group of its canons to establish a sister house on one of the high passes of Tibet). The last two volumes in the collection deal with institutions of much more recent date. They are Vincent-Vincent's "Le Théâtre du Jorat" and M. Du Pasquier's "Le Camp de Vaumarcus."

Any American wishing to find in French Switzerland's past the key to its present idiosyncrasies would find these volumes interesting. Yet even more so would he value the late Professor Vuillemier's four volumes on "L'Histoire de l'Eglise Réformée dans le Pays de Vaud" (La Concorde, Lausanne), the last volume of which has just come out. The work is an inexhaustible mine of information, an unparalleled resurrection of our past, comparable in encyclopedic minutiæ of treatment and intimate knowledge of the past only to such works as Masson's "Life of Milton" or Sainte-Beuve's "Port-Royal."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SHADOW ON THE WALL *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two suicides in London social-political set followed by sudden natural death. Mr. Fortune resents being "managed," does his stuff.	First Mr. Fortune novel has same quality as famous stories; absorbing process of innuendo, surprise, and psychology.	Essential
DEATH ON THE DIAMOND *Cortland Fitzsimmons* (Stokes: $2.)	Terry Burke, young metropolitan sports writer, risks death to aid police in solving wholesale murder of big league stars.	Rover Boyish conception of professional baseball, plus incredible motivation, combine to put the laughs in the wrong places.	Silly
THE MAN WITHOUT NERVES *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Murders in dreamy English hamlet where nothing ever happens solved by mysterious golfer.	Leave it to E. P. O. to make utterly transparent plot continuously exciting. Has two grand villains.	Yes-*sir*
EYES IN THE WALL *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Three violent deaths in artistic circle before Fleming Stone gets killer.	Somewhat sketchy opening chapters redeemed by exciting and unusual conclusion.	60-40

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS: Witness of Two Revolutions. By Daniel Walther. Translated by Elinore Denniston. Funk & Wagnalls. 1934. $3.

This volume from a Swiss pen deals almost wholly with Morris's career in France, the active American years being dismissed in about seventy-five pages, while the European years receive more than two hundred. Even for foreign readers this must be unsatisfactory. After all, it is for his work during and after our Revolution that Morris is remembered today. His ardent advocacy of independence did much to bring New York into line with the other States in 1776; he was one of the staunchest supporters Washington had in the troublesome Continental Congress; we owe primarily to him our decimal coinage and the terms dollar and cent; and he played an important role as a conservative and nationalistic member of the Federal Convention. Needless to say, Mr. Walther cannot begin to do justice to all this in seventy pages. Besides glaring omissions there are positive errors; for example, the author asserts that Hamilton recommended a monarchical government to the Constitutional Convention. The chapters on Morris's observations in France (he was our minister only two years, but private business kept him abroad for nine) are interesting but present little that is new, and are far less vivid than Morris's own diary.

The translation contains much awkward writing and is at times astonishingly incorrect; as when we read of a French decree, directed at Tom Paine, declaring "that no foreigner could hitherto represent the French people." Perhaps the most pleasant feature of the book is its abstention from eulogy. To a greater extent than Jared Sparks and Theodore Roosevelt, M. Walther brings the man's weaknesses, foibles, and limitations into view. But his book cannot be called a good biography or even a good piece of historical research. Although he records working among the manuscripts in several historical libraries in the United States, he does not indicate by footnotes or otherwise just what fresh materials (if any) he found there.

A. N.

Drama

THE SHINING HOUR. By Keith Winter. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. $1.50.

TOBACCO ROAD. By Jack Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. Viking. 1934. $2.

THEY SHALL NOT DIE. By John Wexley. Knopf. 1934. $2.

These three plays are so different that reviewing them together requires a word of explanation. The only thing they all have in common is that they made their appearance in the same Broadway season, and were therefore presumably aimed at the same public. Two of them were successful, and the third, "They Shall Not Die," had at least a certain *succès d'estime*. Is the Broadway public so cosmopolitan, and so without centre, that it can accept such different plays with equal gusto, or does each play recruit its own audience from the appropriate intellectual suburb? In any case, when read together, each may be seen to be provincial, partial, or partisan: mere elements which *the* contemporary theatre, if it existed, would include in a larger synthesis.

"The Shining Hour" is one of those sleek, disarming English drawing room pieces, comparable with "The Green Bay Tree" on one side and Mr. Noel Coward on the other, which are sometimes so refreshing to New York playgoers. The ideas which the characters so briskly exchange are stale, but they are never over-emphasized, or whooped up into war-cries, as in Mr. O'Neill's plays. The language is alive. It is extremely limited in range, but it is natural, apt, and rhythmically patterned. It is a language still spoken by a cultivated class, and when we hear it on our stage spoken by English actors it seems nimble and pleasing to us.

Mr. John Wexley is much too serious to have any truck with the beauties of language. We feel as we read his works that he would never condescend to the frivolity of drama at all if he didn't expect to accomplish something with it. What he expects to accomplish is of minor importance (is it prison reform? the Classless Society?)—the important thing is for Mr. Wexley to arm himself with a conviction, else he would never be able to thunder. The present play, "They Shall Not Die," is a scathing account of the Scottsboro case. It tells a familiar story crudely but swiftly, and it has some good speechifying in the court-room scene. To follow it one has to suspend one's own convictions entirely. One has to believe that Rubin, the New York lawyer who defends the boys, is all good, and the Southerners who convict them all bad. One has to assume, for example, that the question of the relations between Whites and Blacks in the south is only a question of due process of law. Mr. Wexley, in short, arrived at his convictions by a process of abstraction wherein only those who are already his followers can follow him. A good loud argument, with wise-cracks, verbal victories, perorations, and applause is fun, and there is a place for it in the theatre; but in this case the tragic situation from which the convictions have been abstracted is too obvious, and the argument is seen as cheap and artificial.

"Tobacco Road," the play which Mr. Jack Kirkland made out of Mr. Erskine Caldwell's novel, offers itself as blood-brother to "They Shall Not Die." "Unequipped to face a changing economic program," the personages are shown as dying out; I suppose we are to deduce the usual Marxian moral. The death of a society is one of the staples of tragedy in the grand manner; but when there is no vision of a healthy society, nothing is at stake. Mr. Caldwell's people show good taste in rejecting an industrial civilization, communist or capitalist. The meaning Mr. Caldwell is fumbling for has little to do with production and distribution; it has more to do with the meaning, whatever it may be, of the feud in "Huckleberry Finn." That being so, it is unfortunate that Mr. Caldwell should have confused himself with the facile categories of our "socially conscious" writers and playwrights.

F. F.

Fiction

THE BEGONIA BED. By Elizabeth Kyle. Bobbs-Merrill. 1934. $2.

Fluent diction, arresting enough to give pause for a second reading, carries the reader through the days of wasp waists, ostrich-tipped parasols, silks and lace, the "residue of a dead century's elegancies." Yet even the chill enamel of the Edwardian era cannot hide the poignancy of this tale of a betrayed friendship.

Owing to Lady Fielding's love of amorous conquest, her child Ann is neglected and longs ardently for a friend. To Fancy, her playmate, she gives years of devotion, unwittingly yielding to that unscrupulous flirt her small triumphs, her first love, and her husband, Martin. One person alone tried to open Ann's eyes, but Miss Mount, who could have saved herself, was not able to cast off Fancy's spell. So Ann blunders unseeing through life, by nature foreign to the insincerities of a beruffled and beribboned age. To Fancy and to the ambitions of her frivolous mother she sacrifices not only her life but her love.

Despite the drive to a relentless climax, there is no morbidity in the telling; the story swirls the reader into active participation and final release. Nor are humor and recurring lyricism absent. Miss Kyle has chosen a new approach to her dignified romance. Five periods divide the action, which is outlined retrogressively, but with such smooth transitions that it seems rather to read forward.

M. P. O.

GATES OF HELL. By Erik R. von Kühnelt-Leddhin. Translated by I. J. Collins. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1934. $2.50.

The author of this rather curious, turgid, vehement, and not uninteresting work, is, we are told, a Hungarian journalist, only twenty-four, already master of eight languages and conversant with sixteen and acquainted, evidently, with social and political surfaces all the way from London to Moscow. Above all, he is a Roman Catholic, and his novel, which is as much argument in dialogue form as it is narrative, is a more or less melodramatic picture of the struggle between Catholicism and various forms of what the author would describe as "sectarianism"—Russian Bolshevism, in particular. It is a tale which,

(*Continued on next page*)

Do you remember

THE VANISHED POMPS OF YESTERDAY?

Here is a book equally delightful . . . the charming and audacious memoirs of the youth of Lord Berners, composer and painter. Read what the critics on two continents are saying about this surprising autobiography:

"BEING one of those rare creatures who really remember what it was to be a little child, he treats these years as if the child still living within him were describing, in the piquant language of a man of the world, what went on in a world long gone . . . It sparkles with stories of people we never heard of before and will never forget. It is not necessary to know what else Lord Berners has done; he has done this, and only Samuel Butler ever did anything at all like it."—May Lamberton Becker, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE.

"I found it enchanting from cover to cover."—Compton Mackenzie, DAILY MAIL.

"A delightful book, an irreverent book, a hilarious book ..... one of the most disarming memories of childhood I have ever read . . . If you meet nothing else in this book you meet one of the most interesting human beings in Great Britain today."—James Grey, NEW YORK SUN.

"The impression of a strongly marked individuality tempered by humor and mellowed by experience is the dominant impression left by this rather unusual book, a book often wise, and almost always amusing."—Louise Maunsell Field, NEW YORK TIMES.

"Amusing, gay, provocative."—David Garnett, NEW STATESMAN.

"A book of oddity and wisdom."—Hugh Walpole.

"Careless, witty, cruel, and picturesquely amusing . . . a record of an artist's life in utterly Philistine surroundings." — SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"The best book of child reminiscence that I have read in years. He knows something, that Lord Berners, and if he will tell it posterity will give him some of the mantle that now wraps Jean Jacque."—Joseph Collins.

Illustrated by Dorothy Harding, $2.50.

FIRST CHILDHOOD

by LORD BERNERS

FARRAR AND RINEHART, 232 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics: Number 11

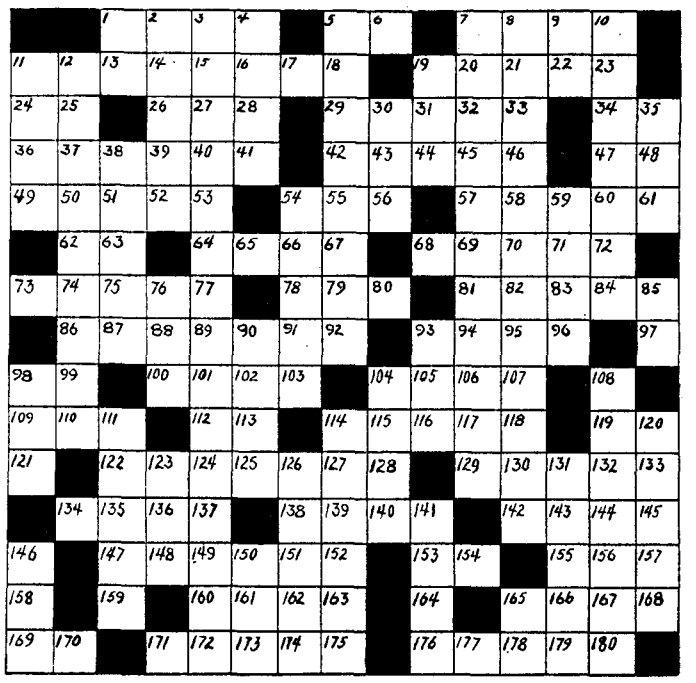
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-nine words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 68-120-24-3-164-13-178-80-103. Subterfuge.	— — — — — — — — —
II. 115-15-122-141-105-33-45-158-62. Artificial sleep.	— — — — — — — — —
III. 96-1-163-39-125. Rilke wrote this sculptor's biography.	— — — — —
IV. 124-179-108-72-6-61-76-60-169-114. Rainbow-like.	— — — — — — — — — —
V. 133-55-155-117-92-63-170-135-34-104. Book by Christopher Morley.	— — — — — — — — — —
VI. 126-21-99-38-162-52-10. Disordered, dishevelled.	— — — — — — —
VII. 17-83-168-4-143. Overhanging window.	— — — — —
VIII. 129-113-130-150-47-44-78. Lord high everything else.	— — — — — — —
IX. 97-148-28-111-70-176-56. Shaggy, bristling.	— — — — — — —
X. 51-151-64-8-79-59. Opera by Victor Herbert.	— — — — — —
XI. 30-161-100-12-46-73. To go back.	— — — — — —
XII. 153-27-20-142-54. To defraud, usually of money.	— — — — —
XIII. 26-50-71-166-16-93. Like a wise if not gay old bird.	— — — — — —
XIV. 123-174-2-23. An external covering.	— — — —
XV. 57-81-5-173-31-53-87-121. English writer (1885-1930).	— — — — — — — —
XVI. 48-152-85-65-167-180-89. To exhilarate.	— — — — — — —
XVII. 154-131-165-82. A sharp animal cry.	— — — —
XVIII. 42-139-69-175-112-19-138. An American Indian language.	— — — — — — —
XIX. 160-9-147-32-159-95. Home of Charlie Chan.	— — — — — —
XX. 58-106-67-22-171-119. Indignity, abuse.	— — — — — —
XXI. 157-127-36-91-107-116-149-177. Peacock's son-in-law.	— — — — — — — — —
XXII. 25-101-40-128-110. Heroine of "Pagliacci."	— — — — —
XXIII. 37-156-7-136-14-29. Morally astray.	— — — — — —
XXIV. 172-144-75-90-43. Famous story by tri-lingual author.	— — — — —
XXV. 86-18-94-66-145-77-98-49. Unprofessional exposure.	— — — — — — — —
XXVI. 132-84-102-41. Deep wet earth.	— — — —
XXVII. 74-134-11. Frequently, by poetic license.	— — —
XXVIII. 118-140-109. Gardens celebrated by Alfred Noyes.	— — —
XXIX. 88-137-35-146. Buffalo can be seen near this lake.	— — — —



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 10)

JOHN MASEFIELD—"SONNETS"

These myriad days, these many thousand hours,
A man's long life, so choked with dusty things,
How little perfect poise with perfect powers,
Joy at the heart and Beauty at the springs.

"She is a lovely creation,

this Maria Paluna, with her courage, her sensitive spirit, her understanding heart; and the tale of her love for the young Spanish caballero whose child she bore has an idyllic quality."—*J. Donald Adams in the N. Y. Times.*

By BLAIR NILES

MARIA PALUNA

Pronounced MA-REE-A PA-LÓO-NA

J. Donald Adams
New York Times:
"Superb . . . one of the best historical romances of recent years."

Herschel Brickell
in the N. Y. Evening Post:
"The whole novel is informed with sympathy and understanding; it has warmth as well as color and a glowing love story—a glamorous and well-done novel."

Lewis Gannett
in the N. Y. Herald Tribune:
"It succeeds uniquely in re-creating the contemporary emotion of the most romantic moment in the history of America."

Heywood Broun
in the Book-of-the-Month Club News:
"It is a fine book. What a magnificent woman Maria is!"

2nd large printing. At All Bookstores. $2.50

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

frequently dropping into pages of frank propaganda, follows the personal adventures of a young German newspaper man who goes to Soviet Russia as a spy for Rome. The so-called novel is a curious jumble. In the Finnish and English episodes, the author reverts almost to his own personality, and writes like any other interested tourist. The main section of the narrative, the spy experiences in Russia, are cast in the nightmare key to be expected in the circumstances. Here, more then elsewhere, the novel stands on its own feet as fiction. This is the most "exciting" part, objectively speaking, but many will find the enthusiastic young Catholic's underlying argument and rather brilliant touching on all sorts of currents in the present European chaos more novel and provocative.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Some Must Wander. G. Gatlin. Portland, Ore.: Metropolitan Pr. $1.50. *The New Hampshire Student Writer.* 1934. Durham, N. H.: Univ. of New Hampshire.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Youth of Old Age. J. Brigham. Marobell Jones. $2.50. *British Opium Policy in China and India.* D. E. Owen. Yale Univ. Pr. *Claude Monet and His Garden.* S. Gwynn. Macmillan. $3. *It's Your Life?* G. B. Wadsworth. Freeport, N. Y.: Logos Pr. $1. *Good Writing.* J. T. Frederick and L. L. Ward. Crofts. $1.75.

INTERNATIONAL

Looking at America. B. Drachman. Putnam. $2.75.

PAMPHLETS

Order on the Air! J. Rorty. Day. 25 cents. *Discovering Consumers.* M. C. Phillips and F. J. Schlink. Day. 25 cents. *Monetary Chaos and Gold.* M. Palyi. Univ. of Chicago Press. 25 cents. *Present and Impending Applications to Education of Radio and Allied Arts.* Univ. of Chicago Pr. 75 cents. *The Commodity Dollar.* H. L. Reed. Farrar. 40 cents. *Hitlerism: Why and Whither.* G. Norten. Univ. of Colorado. *Care and Feeding of Hobby Horses.* E. E. Calkins. Leisure League. 25 cents. *The Short Story: An Outline for Study Clubs.* F. L. Mott. Iowa City: Univ. of Iowa. 25 cents.

PHILOSOPHY

Selections from Early Greek Philosophy. M. C. Nohm. Crofts. $1.25.

POETRY

American Poetry and Prose. N. Foerster. $4. *Selected Poems of Moses Ibn Ezra.* Trans. S. Solis-Cohen. Jewish Publication Society. *Victorian and Later English Poets.* Ed. J. Stephens, E. L. Beck, and R. H. Snow. American Book Co. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Representative Selections. Ed. O. Shepard. American Book Co.

The Right Spirit

"Dr. Brigham refers to the *premature* close of Agassiz's career (at sixty-six). That, I submit, is the right spirit in which to make an anthology for people who are getting on! In this spirit he makes the running commentary that holds together these many selections, from the classics to the columnists."

—MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.

The Youth of Old Age, by Dr. Johnson Brigham, 88-year-old State Librarian of Iowa. $2.50 at your bookseller's. Marshall Jones Company, Boston.

WRITING PAYS RICH REWARDS

Magazines, newspapers, movies, radio, advertising, publicity, book publishers constantly calling for new talent. Thousands of new writers every year enter this profitable, fascinating profession. Part time or full time. Often those least confident win greatest success. Write today for big free book describing new training method in all branches of writing. Tells about modern home study course available at surprisingly low cost on deferred payment plan. Also FREE aptitude test and personal analysis which tests your powers of observation and present writing ability. No obligation. Write for yours today. Applicant must have *equivalent of* 2 yrs. High School English. Address

U.S. School of Writing
Dept. 15 20 W. 60th St., New York City

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY. Wanted skilled tearoom or high class inn manager; small salary, living and percentage of profits. Seashore near Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Address Box 756, Saturday Review.

AN OLD New England farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean; blueberry pie, lobster, new peas; a wood fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

VACATION yor pet at my Dog's Boarding School. Circular on request. Ruth Clement, Hillsboro, N. H.

TAKE A HOLIDAY from Bunk! CONTACTS connects you with unconventionals everywhere. Over 1000 members, everywhere. Unusual books loaned. Send 3c stamp for prospectus 8c. Box 91, Station D, N. Y. C.

WILL A LADY write to this marooned writer; 32. Box 742.

FILLING UP FAST with Saturday Review Readers. Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J.

YOUNG WOMAN, gentile, interested in dancing, theatre, books, informal conversation, outdoor activities, desires correspondence, unattached gentleman, 35-45, with similar interests. Box 758.

CAPABLE and willing 17 year old boy wants position for summer, pay a little above keep. Education in foreign and American schools. References from editor of this paper. D-7.

YOUNG WOMAN wants vacation abroad, going places as companion, etc. Experienced school teacher, artist's and lingerie model, amateur actress, office clerk. Best assets—loves life, living, people, humor. Will not play bridge. Write Box 760.

ADRIFT? Pleasant front room available; elevator; telephone; midtown New York; $5. Box 774.

BEER INCOME allows hopeful young couple $200.00 for six weeks July-August rent. Champagne tastes (Princeton '24 Bryn Mawr '27) demand furnished cottage, congenial New England seashore. Two children make electricity, accessibility essential. Best references. Box 151, Jenkintown, Penn.

YOUNG business woman desires one or two adults to share comfortable suburban home —Greenwich, Connecticut—on paying basis for summer months; reasonable; garage. Box 762.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

SWISS MEADOWS—Small old beamed, paneled mountainside farmhouse; also separate cabin; wide fireplaces, library, 500 acres woods, fields, brooks, apple, lilac, wild azalea blossoms (betimes); meals not always regular but ample, served on terrace overlooking Greylock and Berkshire valleys, or beside crackling fires. $5 day, $25 week, including afternoon tea. Cornelia Stratton Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

REASONABLE board in old college town in beautiful mountains of Virginia. Delightful summer climate. Box 773. Lexington, Va.

EXPERIENCED secretary, good social background, and sixth-grade daughter, wants position in girls' school within hour's drive of New Canaan, Conn., where salary includes tuition. Box 763.

YOUNG WOMAN, college graduate, weary of rather quiet secretarial job, wants something more stimulating. Has car and typewriter. Drives both like sixty. Susan.

SUTTON PLACE APARTMENT. If you must summer in town be comfortable on Sutton Place, 8 rooms, 2 exposures, cross ventilation, cool. Q. E. D. Telephone WI-2-2754 for information.

CALIFORNIA? Transportation: $150 for adventurous young Jewish couple. Six weeks beginning July; 8,000 miles; any itinerary; Chrysler 1933 sedan. Mr. and Mrs.

NO AIRS, NO LACES, Sun, view, windswept spaces, Good food, pleasant faces, Nine separate little places. All in the Berkshire Hills. Cheap. Healthy. Lots of fun. Hartshorn's Summer Colony, Sandisfield, Mass. (Christian.)

FOR A. C. P.—You tell me that to you I seem An amiable, waking dream, And that's scant fare when you to me Are all too real reality. The cypher which you did not hear Tried whispering into your ear That ships have sunk in sight of port,—(For love is long but life is short),—That Andrew Marvell in his day Said what I lack the wit to say, That while Youth can but won't postpone, Age wonders: "When must one be gone?"

WHERE in New England can reasonably well-behaved six year old boy and his mother find inexpensive seashore room and board for August, the quieter the better? Only requirement nearby beach where child can learn to swim in safety. References exchanged. Box 764.

PROFESSIONAL manuscript typing, low rates. Will consider halftime secretarial position. Box 765.

HOUSEKEEPER—Cook wanted for small, womanless family; July. Aug. Small salary but opportunity for pleasurable vacation. Box 767.

LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY?—but it may begin for you at forty-three, the address of an attractive urban N. J. book shop. One partner has divorced the Muse, leaving the other with a great yen for new attachment. Will marry, commercially, first congenial suitor who comes with dowry of cash, confidence and capability. Box 768.

REFINED WIDOW, 40, no ties, seeks position companion-housekeeper to one or two adults. Excellent cook, drives own car, companionable, equable disposition. Pleasant atmosphere more essential than high salary. Location immaterial. Box 769.

WANTED in New York region a personable mother with boy and girl three, four, or five who would enjoy interesting experience and receive ample financial remuneration this summer having children and possibly herself appear for pictures with perfectly tame pet baby chimpanzee. Possibly several weeks work. Write details and enclose photos if possible. Box 770.

WANTED—writer with humor to work on script possibly in verse for films showing antics of animals. Adequate remuneration. Humor required. Box 771.

SEE EUROPE through sympathetic eyes of LINGUIST (man), late thirties, instructor French, Spanish, Italian, German, available end June as guide and companion. Personable? Cultured? You decide. Box 772.

CHILDREN WANTED: Family (Protestant; old New England stock; depressionated but not depressed; moderately intellectual, preferring good library to radio), consisting of mother (college graduate; excellent home-maker; dislikes women's clubs; likes Austen, Trollope, music, and gardening), father (practicing physician; teaches Sunday School class; likes Dickens and philately), son (seven; husky; terrifyingly honest), and daughter (five; born a lady but trying to outgrow it), living in house (owned; comfortable but unpretentious; provided with diggable back-lawn) in suburbs (residential community with excellent public schools), is prepared to offer home-life (intelligent affection without frills) to one or two children (normal; healthy; age one month to ten years; either sex) for one year from September first. Write Box 757.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

SOME CLUB PROGRAMS

AMONG the requests for club programs which still lie upon our desk and weigh upon our conscience are four which we think can be disposed of at one fell swoop. By answering that one of them which asks provision for the greatest number of meetings and the largest number of papers we should be able to furnish suggestions which with a little sifting and rearrangement should meet the stipulations of the others.

It is to *R. M. F., of Birmingham, Ala., Mrs. J. R. T. of Jackson, Tenn.*, and *Mrs. J. M. of Perry, Okla.*, therefore, that we are replying as well as to *K. S. F., of Seymour, Ind.* when we answer the letter of the last-named. K. S. F. writes "We have eighteen meetings with three papers at each meeting, each day's program with a heading indicative of the subject; books not necessarily fiction or biography but suitable for a mixed audience." Mrs. J. R. T.'s club has more meetings—twenty-one—but we imagine fewer papers. Mrs. J. M.'s specifically asks for something on music as well as literature, and R. M. F.'s includes works setting forth current social trends as among its desiderata. So now to the lists!

Fiction, we suppose, is as good a way as any other of starting a season off, for fiction, of course, is of interest to readers of every type and the path of least resistance to most. No type of tale in America has in recent years had more pains spent upon it, or had more to show for its pains, than the novel of the soil. There has been a constantly growing stream of novels dealing with the land and agricultural life. Indeed the Pulitzer Prize for fiction—whether wisely or not—was this year bestowed upon such a story, Caroline Miller's LAMB IN HIS BOSOM (Harpers), a portrayal of elemental passions and simple people in the Georgia country. The clubs might read this if only because of the distinction bestowed upon it. Personally we don't think it nearly as effective or distinguished a book as either Gladys Hasty Carroll's AS THE EARTH TURNS (Macmillan), which takes Maine for its background, or Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's SOUTH MOON UNDER (Scribners) with its depiction of the unfamiliar Florida scrub country. But the three together would furnish an interesting afternoon's selection.

If the clubs, having read these books and had them discussed either individually or as a group (as best suited the amount of time at their disposal), wanted to continue into a second day's program with American fiction, they might focus an afternoon's discussion about that other type of novel which has been so important in the current output—the proletarian. Here they could select such works as Albert Halper's UNION SQUARE (Viking), Catharine Brody's NOBODY STARVES (Longmans, Green), and Robert Cantwell's LAND OF PLENTY (Farrar & Rinehart). Next, in order to be abreast of the tales that are being widely read and discussed at the moment, they could turn to Evelyn Scott's BREATHE UPON THESE SLAIN (Smith & Haas), which deserts the American background for England, Sinclair Lewis's WORK OF ART (Doubleday, Doran), and T. S. Stribling's UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL (Doubleday, Doran), the last of a trilogy of Southern novels. Undoubtedly they will wish to spend an afternoon in discussion of English novels, and, though it is not among the works on which his reputation will stand, will want to include Galsworthy's last book, ONE MORE RIVER (Scribners). Indeed, the volume might well serve as excuse for an entire afternoon's discussion centered about its author whose work is now over. If, however, K. S. F.'s club wishes its three papers to be on different works and authors, it might choose in addition to Galsworthy, Virginia Woolf, represented either by one of her earlier works like TO THE LIGHTHOUSE or MRS. DALLOWAY, or a later one like ORLANDO (all Harcourt, Brace), and V. Sackville West's ALL PASSION SPENT (Doubleday, Doran). It is curious how much it is the established novelists who come to mind when one writes of English fiction.

To leave novels, or rather not to leave them, but to include them in programs of wider scope than purely fictional ones, the clubs might set aside several afternoons for discussion of various nationalities and their civilizations. Russia certainly will demand two days of which the first might consist of papers on such aspects of the Soviet Republic as are depicted in Max Eastman's ARTISTS IN UNIFORM (Alfred A. Knopf), a study of the regimentation for propaganda purposes of the Russian writer and artist, Maurice Hindus's THE GREAT OFFENSIVE (Smith & Haas), in which general conditions and especially those in the agricultural communities are passed in review, and K. Mehnert's YOUTH IN SOVIET RUSSIA (Harcourt, Brace). The second day could be given over to the novels that would make more vivid the present both by portrayal of life as it is lived today and to point the contrast of the manner of its living in the past. There are three excellent novels on which the members might report, Sholom Asch's THREE CITIES (Putnams), Ilya Ehrenbourg's OUT OF CHAOS (Holt), and AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON (Knopf), by Mikhail Sholokhov, this last not yet published but soon to be issued.

So much for Russia. Next there's Germany that cries aloud for an afternoon's attention. Probably as vivid an idea of what the Hitler régime has meant to that nation as is to be had can be acquired from a reading of Lion Feuchtwanger's novel, THE OPPERMANNS (Viking), the chronicle of a Jewish family of culture and position to which Nazi policy brings tragedy. That book might constitute one part of a triune program of which the second would be Ernst Toller's I WAS A GERMAN (Morrow), and the third the small but illuminating volume by Hamilton Fish Armstrong, HITLER'S REICH (Macmillan).

From Germany it would be natural to slip into a study of international political and economic conditions. At least three afternoons, it seems to us, ought to go into a consideration of these matters for the substance of which the club members can turn to such books as Hoffman Nickerson's CAN WE LIMIT WAR? (Stokes), THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S REVIEW OF EUROPE TODAY (Knopf), by G. D. H. Cole, Engelbrecht and Hanighen's MERCHANTS OF DEATH (Dodd, Mead), or George Seldes's IRON, BLOOD AND PROFITS (Harpers)—both of these last, studies of the international armaments industry calculated to make one's blood run cold and hair rise in horror—Walter Lippmann's THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS (Harpers), and, to get into focus the America which plays its part in the world of today, Mauritz Hallgren's SEEDS OF REVOLT (Knopf). The issues raised by all these books are of so manifold a nature that the clubs will find difficulty in confining their programs to only three papers an afternoon for three afternoons, but by planning carefully they should be able to divide the field so as to take up outstanding phases of the international situation. If any of them are temerarious enough to embark on discussion of financial problems there are plenty of books to give them points of departure. But we're frank to admit that so far as we are concerned we throw up our hands in the face of questions of monetary policy and can do no better than read columns of discussion in the hope that some faint ray of light will light the darkness of our ignorance on such matters.

Well, that's half of the eighteen meetings disposed of, and almost all our space. There seems no hope of our compressing the rest of our programs into the proper limits unless we resort to short cut methods, so we shall fall back on listing without any but brief and occasional comment groups of books devised for the remaining meetings. One of those, before we leave the field of international affairs and the precarious relations of nations, ought, it seems to us to go to a batch of books which movingly illustrate the incidence of war on non-combatants—such works as Vera Brittain's TESTAMENT OF YOUTH (Macmillan), Storm Jameson's NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT (Knopf), and THE FIRST WORLD WAR (Simon & Schuster), a photographic history edited by Laurence Stallings. There's food for reflection and heartsickness, heaven knows, in this trio of books, but we think it an important one.

And now we find ourself in most dire plight, for our list is nowhere near conclusive and our space all but exhausted. We see no way out of the difficulty if the clubs which are desirous of having complete programs early this month are to get them except finishing up by letter. We'll send our four correspondents the rest of their information by mail, and call it a day now.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA

BOOKS IN ENGLISH, French, Russian, on Russian ballet; also pre-war and Soviet theatre. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

DESIDERATA

MENDOZA'S. New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send your list. 15 Ann Street, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

INTERESTING CATALOGUES FIRST EDITIONS. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

LISTS solicited of "BOOKS WANTED" or "FOR SALE." MENDOZA BOOK CO., 15 Ann Street, N. Y. The Oldest "Old Book Shop" in New York.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS AND CURRENT BOOKS. House of Books, Ltd., 555 Madison Avenue.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

FRENCH Books, over 500,000 in stock; all rare, unusual Editions, LOWEST PRICES. Catalogue 20c (stamps); monthly Bulletin free. Libraries bought. FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop."

GERMAN BOOKS

GERMAN BOOKS, scientific and literary; ask for catalogue of your specialty. Otto Salomon, Export Bookseller, Oranienburgerstrasse, 58, Berlin, N 24, Germany.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. The WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 246 Fifth Avenue. Market analysis of manuscripts without fee.

NEW YORK MANUSCRIPT BUREAU, 64 Horatio St., N. Y. City. Stories, novels and plays sold, criticized or edited. No reading fee.

J. G. EDMONDS, LITERARY AGENT. First novels, stories wanted. No advance charges. 108 W. 85th St., N. Y. C.

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE manuscripts dealing with the colonial period or the making of the West. They will be given careful consideration with a view to possible publication on a mutually satisfactory basis. The Press of the Pioneers, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 47 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"HARD-to-FIND" and "OUT-OF-PRINT" books reasonably and promptly supplied. "The Seven Bookhunters," Station H, Box 66, New York City.

SCARCE AND RARE BOOKS. Send want lists. No service fees. BOOK HUNTERS, 220 West 42nd, New York City.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books; reasonable. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THEY say that *Louis-Ferdinand Céline,* whose "Journey to the End of Night" has created such wide discussion, continues to work in the midst of the poverty he has known most of his life, as a physician at a municipal clinic in Paris, while thousands of dollars of unspent royalties from his one book lie in the bank. Well, why doesn't he use the thousands of dollars further to aid the destitute? If he is so disgusted with social conditions, he could, at least, do a little to alleviate them. . . . *George Cronyn,* who wrote that exciting novel, "The Fool of Venus," about *Peire Vidal,* and has been the business manager of *Story* magazine, recently took to the hills of New Hampshire, where he will stay till October. He writes his publishers that he built a thirty-five foot dock in four days "which will do for an ocean liner, painted a boat, made flower beds, and daily fill oil lamps, the wood box, etc. Also take nudist sunbaths and splashings in the lake—no swims yet. Ran a nail in my heel, killed a spotted adder that made a face at me, and almost tipped over the motor boat in midlake by changing hands on the steering stick. Incidentally have done one long short story and started another. My next book will be entitled 'The Drunkard's Revenge: or N. H. Under Repeal' and will describe the murder one by one of the legislators of this state. I despise you city slickers!" . . . *Eleanor Shaler's* recent party for her publishers, *Thayer Hobson* and *Charley Duell,* was held aloft by way of the spiraling staircase of *Elizabeth Hawes's* on East 67th Street. I left my hat in one large room downstairs and lost it eventually. This delighted my wife, as the hat was an ancient relic to which I clung with a childish devotion. Now I have a new hat and am afraid to go out when it rains. There were many pleasant people at the party, and, although it was an uncommon hot afternoon in Montana, everybody really seemed to have a swell time. . . . *The American Spectator,* probably crazed by the success of the Pulitzer Prize awards, has been awarding—favorable comment anyway—to "Richard of Bordeaux," by *Gordon Daviot,* who also wrote "Kif" and "The Expensive Halo," both of which latter were published by Appleton-Century. I thought "Richard of Bordeaux" quite a good thing, but not so good as all that. . . . This month *Zona Gale* is giving the Avery Hopwood Lectures at Ann Arbor, Michigan. . . . *Harold Lamb,* having delivered the MS. of his "Omar Khayyam" to his publishers, has moved to his camp in the redwoods. His greatest summer sport is riding logs down the river Noyo and listening to the afternoon wind which has a peculiarly musical quality in the redwood forests. . . . *Dashiell Hammett* is now working on a magazine story which will form a basis for a picture for *William Powell,* to be produced by Reliance Pictures. . . . The *Argosy* is the oldest fiction periodical in the United States. *Don Moore,* the editor, is selecting the best short stories, including several novelettes, from those published during a year, under the title of "The Golden Argosy of 1934." Mr. Moore also indulges in a preface and discussion of why these particular stories appealed to him. The book should have value for the beginning writer. . . . Want to hear how *T. S. Stribling* works? He lives in the little Southern country town of Clifton, Tennessee. He starts at three or four o'clock in the morning, whenever he wakens. In a car stocked with pencils and yellow copy paper he drives into the woods. With his feet tipped up on the front seat, he writes until he can't think of anything else to say. Then he takes a nap, wakes up, and writes again. By this painless method he accumulates a manuscript perhaps a foot high. Later he sits down at the typewriter and copies what bits of the manuscript seem interesting to him on a second reading. Generally he throws half of it away. . . . *Sidney Franklin's* bull-fighting book, which Scribner is going to publish in July—is not exactly by Franklin. It is his translation from the Spanish of *Alejandro Perez Lugin's* popular Spanish classic of bull-fighting. The American title will be "Shadows of the Sun," and Mr. Franklin, who is widely known as America's greatest contribution to the bull-fighting art, says he would rather face ten Miura bulls with one hand tied behind him than go through such another experience of proof-reading as he encountered in the case of "Shadows of the Sun." . . . Harpers have a new *Rose Macaulay* novel on their Fall list. . . . They say that the success of the London revival of *P. G. Wodehouse's* comedy, "Good Morning, Bill," has encouraged *Peter Haddon* to make plans for a P. G. Wodehouse theatre in London. . . . *Daphne Du Maurier* is writing a life of her father, the late *Sir Gerald Du Maurier.* . . . *George Shively,* recently of Bobbs-Merrill, is now one of the directors of the Frederick A. Stokes Company, *George Stewart,* late of Duffield & Green, is now with McGraw-Hill, and *Lynn Carrick,* recently of Putnam's, is editor of Bobbs-Merrill.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞We have never actually measured, but G. A. Baker & Co., on the 5th floor of the Grand Central Palace, is said to be the largest bookstore (as distinct from book *departments*) in New York City. The long narrow aisle devoted to English Literature is a thrilling perspective; just wide enough for the bulky Mr. Harzov to pass through, examining both sides at once. Mr. Robert Montgomery, the moving picture star, was seen up there lately, adding to his remarkable collection of Max Beerbohm. ☞The revisions of the Book Publishers' Code have reduced office workers' hours to 35 per week. Wonder what old Baron Tauchnitz or John Murray would have thought about this? The Quercuses spend at least 70 hours a week among books, and like it. ☞Joe Jackson, widely admired book critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* recently celebrated the 10th anniversary of his radio broadcasting book news to the Pacific Coast. ☞Henry M. Snyder and W. S. Hall, publishers' representatives in the Orient, are in the ordeal of packing twelve trunks of samples and leave on June 9 for a five-months' selling trip in Hawaii, Japan, China and the Philippines. Mr. Snyder has been making the Far East for a dozen years; this is Mr. Hall's first visit to those parts.

☞Dawson's famous bookstore in Los Angeles always has laid an emphasis on the amenities and benevolences of living; now Beatrice Hollander, retired from the shop to take care of a young daughter, has compiled a spirited and alluring cook book called *Gallant Food.* Among its contents we find Day-Before Payday Mayonnaise, Bananas in the Purple, and Under the Sea Salad. ☞Old Quercus is pleased to hear Terence Holliday (at Numerology's luckiest address, 49 East 49) rooting for E. M. Forster's biographical essay on Lowes Dickinson. ☞Literary pilgrims in New York this summer will be well advised to visit the Joseph Conrad Memorial Library at the Seamen's Institute, 25 South Street. Naval officers now in town with the Fleet will find it of great interest if they care for Conrad. ☞Old Quercus always wonders if the Navy isn't a trifle embarrassed by the warlike spirit of Bishops who preach to them. ☞William McDevitt of 2079 Sutter Street, San Francisco, is a bookseller who believes in simplified spelling: his brisk little bulletin *Book-Collecting* remarks that he bases his "usaj" on Addison and Milton. ☞Lovers of genuine criminology, very unlike the "whimsical" trend of some detective fiction, are pleased by the rumor of another collection of William Roughead's studies, *Rogues Walk Here.* We don't know who publishes it, but find it listed ($4.20) by the always observant Holliday Book Shop.

☞Speaking of the Navy again, Harry Snyder insists that the gobs' favorite book is Don Blanding's ballad *The Virgin of Waikiki.* ☞An officer in the Marines, marching up Fifth Avenue in the naval parade, said he caught a glimpse of some outdoor book-boxes but discipline prevented him from looking carefully. He wants to know where they were: probably at Barnes & Noble's, a pleasant place for loitering. ☞Over 150 MSS to or from Lafayette are on view in the Lafayette Centenary Exhibition in the *Maison Française* at Rockefeller Center. ☞Old Quercus always enjoyed the remark made one night by the driver of a Radio Cab to a lady of timid spirit. "You're perfectly safe with us, lady; every cab equipped with a married man."

The Crime Club brings you great news of that book you've been waiting to read—the first full-length detective novel about the incomparable Mr. Reginald Fortune . . .

by H. C. BAILEY, of whom Alexander Woollcott says: "This man Bailey writes better than any of his contemporaries in detective stories." Just Published—$2.

June Crime Club Selection.

THE BEST REVIEWED BOOK OF THE YEAR

"One of the most moving, one of the most convincing records of human experience that it has ever been the present writer's fortune to read. Truly a great story."—*Donald Adams,* N. Y. Times Book Review.

"A dramatic and moving story, an engrossing human drama. The obviously genuine and profoundly moving personal story of a woman of refinement."—*Lewis Gannett,* N. Y. Herald Tribune.

"This book ought to be required reading in every college in America."—*James C. Grey,* N. Y. Sun.

"An extraordinarily moving narrative—an amazing story. It has the ring of truth and is a priceless human interest document."—*Herschel Brickell,* N. Y. Evening Post.

"The story of this escape deserves to become a classic."—*Harry Hansen,* N. Y. World-Telegram.

"A moving and passionately sincere human document. Exciting!"—*John Chamberlain,* N. Y. Times.

"One of the great human documents of our time."—*Robert Nathan.*

"Every word bites into your sensibilities like acid into an etched plate."—*Florence Britten,* Sunday Tribune "Books."

"Aside from Casanova's Escape from the Leads, I know of no more thrilling story. At the end you sit back in your chair exhausted, happy. You've had a real experience."—*Paul Jordan-Smith,* Los Angeles Times.

RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

ESCAPE *from the* SOVIETS

By Tatiana Tchernavin

NOTE: An immediate success, now selling at the rate of 2500 copies a week.

DUTTON $2.50

New England, old and new, lives in these pages

The

White Hills

by CORNELIUS WEYGANDT

Author of "A Passing America"

"A book of beauty and unsuspected depth. Cornelius Weygandt can capture the feeling and the life and the whole spirit of a countryside with startling fidelity. He has given the sense of character and reality of the White Mountain Country of New Hampshire in 'The White Hills.' Little things which most folk see and sense, but seldom are aware of are forever cropping out on his pages."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.* "If ever a book was written from the heart, this is. It is a book about the valleys, not the peaks—where old men cling to old ways, to oxen and bear rugs and to quaint turns of speech."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* *Illus.* $3.50

HENRY HOLT & CO. One Park Ave. New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED